THE TIMES

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75th Year

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Newman's idea of a university, by Henry Chadwick

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In pursuit of excellence

By Henry Chadwick

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN:
The Idea of a University
Edited by I. T. Ker
759pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £25.

On April 15, 1851, Newman received from Archbishop Paul Cullen of Armagh a request for help in founding a Catholic university in Ireland, and three months later Cullen visited Newman to offer him the post of Rector. The creation of a new university in Ireland had been part of Sir Robert Peel's programme of 1845 to reconcile the ever angry and alienated Irish; but its secular or "mixed" principles made it seem unattractive to the Catholic authorities who not unreasonably feared an education requiring the omission of everything distinctively Catholic. But now there was to be a Catholic university sponsored not by the state but by the Church under the express authority of the Pope, and initially announced as intended for all English-speaking Catholics. To Newman's disappointment the reality turned out otherwise, partly because the English Catholics were generally indifferent to the new institution in Dublin and continued to set their eyes on Oxford and Cambridge, partly because the Irish naturally thought of it as intended for them and their oppressed island, and disliked seeing an Englishman in charge. The government in London was unsympathetic and consistently refused to grant a charter for the conferring of degrees. Moreover, Archbishop Cullen, splendidly generous in helping Newman to meet the costs of the Achilli trial, could not leave Newman to run the new university, and was especially displeased that "the young men were allowed to go out all hours, to smoke, etc". Newman vainly tried to explain to him the difference between a university and a seminary or convent.

Although the new institution had no very long life in its original form, it was not a notable failure, and had one claim to lasting distinction. Its foundation gave occasion for Newman to deliver lectures on the raison d'être of a university, lectures which, years after his resignation from the rectorship, he put together with other occasional Dublin discourses to make into a profound, elusive, and masterfully written if occasionally mannered book.

None of Newman's autographs of the lectures survives, but the nine editions of the text published in his lifetime show that it underwent drastic revisions. The original fifth discourse, entitled "General Knowledge viewed as an Philosophy", was entirely dropped from the 1859 and 1873 editions, both of which also had several hundred changes and omissions in the other discourses and lectures. In this distinguished book I. T. Ker prints the text of the 1889 edition, published a year before Newman's death. He not only records all the variants between the successive editions, some of which are of more than paragraph length, but also reprints the suppressed discourse in full. In addition the editor has provided a learned introduction and many careful notes identifying the quotations and allusions. There is no question that he has now made it possible for [illegible] to grasp the depth and breadth of Newman's thought on a topic which more than any other engrossed him [illegible] and which was to be the central theme of his Oxford University sermons, namely that the primary business of a university is knowledge, for its own sake rather than as a means to an end. Universities do not serve society best if they provide no more than society wants.

Newman's university is a place of education rather than of research (though he expected his professors to write books); but let it be real education rather than mere instruction by dictation and memorizing, "a passive reception of scraps and details". It is a place where men learn to use their minds, to weigh evidence, to see inter connections, to advance towards a general view. Especially when writing of the natural sciences, Newman's words imply more than he says expressly concerning the importance of research. But he emphatically regards university teachers as far too busy giving lectures to be able to undertake really serious researches which require freedom from interruption. In any event at Dublin in 1852 his battle is on another front, to establish that higher education is no never so powerful as when drawing a picture of the kind of university Newman does not like. But he sees in the very existence of a close-knit academic community a safeguard against some of his worst fears for the future.

It is at this point that Newman's argument begins to look complicated. He thinks a liberal education can do something to satisfy the perennial expectations of parents and taxpayers who believe that a university can effect some moral improvement in its pupils. But his religious convictions make him repeatedly insistent that what can be done in this direction is extraordinarily superficial unless the pupil is also within the Christian community and assisted by grace.

The discipline necessary for acquiring knowledge and the tastes which it forms, can help (he says) to refine the mind and to instil a disgust of sensuality and excess, temptations which beset not only the young but all urbanized men in an industrial society where "good government robs them of courage and manliness, and monotony of life throws them back upon themselves". This is not an attempt to make the duty of a university is directly to foster virtue or religion: "It is as real a mistake to burden it with virtue or religion as with the mechanical arts." But among the common by-products of the serious pursuit of knowledge may be reckoned the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization; the self-respect which acts as a substitute for conscience when it insults, is no sense of the objective in religion; even the modesty (a very different thing from humility) which recoils from extravagances, adulation, and all forms of excess such as duelling.

In short, the university may perform a valuable social and moral role, even if its ethical concern is necessarily and properly indirect and even though one must not expect too much.

Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; than may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of men.

But what is the proper relation between the university and the Church? In what way should the authority of the Church be felt and seen in a Catholic university? And what place ought theology to have in any university worthy of the name, that claims to take all branches of knowledge within its ambit, especially since that does not imply for Newman that it has to have a chair in every subject?

The ordinary reader of Newman's pages is generally struck by the amount of space devoted in the book to theology that he may easily feel it with a very misleading impression. Some care is necessary if Newman's view is to be fairly seen, since his own rhetoric obscures his point. Newman believes that theology is the greatest of sciences, and the Catholics will expect masters to be determined by the voice of authority in a Catholic university. But the presence and authority of the Church is not, as he expressly says, of the essence of the university, whose primary role is to educate intellectual excellence; it is rather that the university needs the Church in practice if it is to do its job properly. The Church has a steadying function. The last proposition is perhaps more than just a shorthand way of saying that a specifically Catholic university will be seen to be Catholic when it keeps the feastdays, or when its theology faculty is under the jurisdiction and vigilance of the hierarchy, or when the ethic endorsed by the teaching staff is in line with acknowledged Catholic teaching, or if all its teaching staff are (which in 1852 he assumes to be necessary for practical purposes) professing Catholics.

He utterly rejects the foolish notion that a Catholic university should or can codify its literature into sound Catholic authors. All literatures are "the voices of the natural man", and human nature is what it is. A Catholic curriculum must on no account include writers who offend, whether by their Protestantism or by their atheism or by their immodesty.

Moreover, literature is personal and subjective. There is no possibility of inherent conflict here with the teaching authority of the Church. Nor can there be conflict with the discoveries of scientists.

As well may musical truth be said to interfere with the doctrines of architectural science; as well may there be a collision between the mechanist and the geologist, the engineer and the geographer; as well might the British Parliament or the French nation be jealous of some possible belligerent power upon the surface of the moon, as Physics pick a quarrel with Theology.

The apparent discrepancies between science and religion are difficulties for the imagination, not for the reason. The Pope's concern is in faith and morals, and he is not "bound by office or by vow to be a preacher of a theory of gravitation, or a martyr for electro-magnetism".

If Church authority is not, then, to impinge directly upon the actual day-to-day life and work of a university, what does Newman think the Church is to do and to be on the campus or within the university? It is simply to provide a priest for those sons or students who may need his ministrations?

Newman gives full scope to his radical powers in describing the friendly sceptic who thinks religious education attempts to impose an impact say knowledge whatever, but to satisfy anyhow desires after the unseen which will arise in our minds in spite of ourselves, to provide the mind with a means of self-amusement, to impress on it the beautiful ideas which saints and sages have struck out, to embellish it with the bright hues of a celestial piety, to teach it the poetry of devotion, the music of well-ordered affections, and the luxury of doing good". On this contrast the Christian religion is committed to the view that its central doctrines state what is the case. If so, the exclusion of theology from a university, if done on the deliberate and dogmatic ground that the subject is strictly a non-entity, will have potentially disruptive consequences for the equilibrium of all departments. The fragmentation of knowledge into unrelated specialisms is predicted by Newman as a direct consequence of a doctrinaire positivism which holds that nothing can be known about the unseen world. Moreover, the exclusion of the teaching of all branches of knowledge; but of course the university must achieve its end by teaching particular subjects, and has to be on its guard against those who suppose a man best educated who has acquired a superficial smattering of many disparate topics whose interconnectedness and internal coherence are quite obscure to him. Depth is more important to Newman than width.

Nevertheless, both students and teachers in different subjects educate one another by being thrown together in community. A university which dispenses with both residence and tutorial supervision can mould and enlarge the mind far less effectively than a university which brings young men together in a common life. This is not only because it looks after them, "an Alma Mater knowing her children one by one, not a foundry, or a mint, or a steam-mill", but even more because the student community is largely self-educating. The tradition of the community is more potent in the end than any particular teachers who may be at work there. Moreover, "an assemblage of learned men, zealous for their own sciences, and rivals of each other, are brought, by familiar intercourse and for the sake of intellectual peace, to adjust together the claims and relations of their respective subjects of investigation. They learn to respect, to consult, to aid each other."

Newman is scathing towards the notion that a true university should resemble a bazaar or a hotel, where the denizens stand in no close relation to each other and have very different objectives. A characteristic feature of the modern university, so abhorrent to him, is precisely what he foresaw, namely, the pursuit of unrelated specialisms by individuals sharing few common conclusions and perhaps setting up cute Newman against various accusations of inconsistency. Nevertheless I do not think Newman is wholly clear or consistent in the part he assigns to a faculty of theology. One stream of language in the work speaks of theology as a liberal study; it should not include questions of pure dogma in the secular schools of a university but attend rather to historical questions of biblical literature and ecclesiastical history. In using the methods of other studies it will inevitably make mistakes. "In scientific researches error may be said, without a paradox, to be in some instances the way to truth, and the only way." Another stream speaks in an altogether more traditional and more tough-minded manner of theology, in the sense of defined dogma, as a strictly deductive science in which revealed truths are not discovered by further research and whose verities are quite independent of historical facts. They are proposed for our assent by ecclesiastical authority now. In this latter context Newman speaks with foreboding of those who will want to treat the gospels as Niebuhr had treated Livy and even warns against Porson's masterly *Letters to Travis* on the interpolation of the three heavenly witnesses in the text of 1 John 5. In other words Newman assumes it to be among the responsibilities of Catholic authority to guard against critical historical researches unwelcome to conservative minds.

In short, Newman's acute and brilliantly written book is less than clear about some of the very themes to which he seems to invite the greatest attention, and which he orchestrates for the brass.

The paths of perfectionism

By Quentin Bell

JOHN DRYSDALE in association with **Janet Camp Troxell:**
Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Jane Morris, Their Correspondence
219pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £7.50.

This carefully edited and beautifully designed book is for the specialist rather than for the informed person. We meet in *Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Jane Morris, Their Correspondence* a number of the great men of the Victorian age, but we need to know them, for these are but matters by her which remain. It seems improbable that anyone should have a character to match that grave and sensitive beauty which Rossetti attempted again and again to capture but which, in his paintings, never has quite the overwhelming effect that is given by the photographs; one expects her to be either a monolithic heroine or simply an empty shell of invalidness; in those pages she appears in neither character. Her letters are rather prosaic, but very sensible, very thoughtful and affectionate, and she gives evidence of a certain humorous stoicism which must have been sorely needed by one who was married to Morris, loved by Gabriel and often unwell.

Although its character never emerges perfectly clearly, the relationship between Gabriel and Jane is, obviously, the grand theme of this book; it is hardly less interesting than the insights that we may obtain into Rossetti's methods as a painter. Certain rapid decorative sketches of his middle period, hastily completed with invented colour, make one forget how closely, even in middle age, Rossetti followed the practice of the Brotherhood. He left much work unfinished, partly because he was lazy, but also because he was a perfectionist. These letters suggest that he always had technical difficulties; that he was for ever correcting and retouching, packing and repacking those crowded and elaborate compositions, worrying over questions of symbolism and decorum. Through a whole series of letters he discusses what flower Jane shall hold in "The Daydream", what will be most suitable, and where he is to find blooms from which to work:

> The question rather presents itself—are all these flowers consistent with a fairly advanced Spring sycomore, such as the tree is to be? Would the Snowdrop necessarily have disappeared by then? It is true that he adds: "Not that correctness of literal kind is imperative on this point."

invalid, and in this one imagines, he was successful. That medieval flavour which was a great stumbling and one begins to share, as Jane Morris surely did, Dante Gabriel's horrid delight at each new grotesque or discreditable adventure. Rossetti is malicious but not nasty, limited—the understands neither Morris's politics nor Manet's painting—but within his limits acute, above all he is affectionate and considerate, when these letters were written he was having a pretty horrid time of it but he neither dramatizes nor pities himself; his pity is all for her. Altogether one gets a sympathetic impression of Dante Gabriel.

It is hard to get any impression at all of Jane Morris, and one is correspondingly grateful for the few letters by her which remain. It seems improbable that anyone should have a character to match that grave and sensitive beauty which Rossetti attempted again and again to capture but which, in his paintings, never has quite the overwhelming effect that is given by the photographs; one expects her to be either a monolithic heroine or simply an empty shell of invalidness; in those pages she appears in neither character. Her letters are rather prosaic, but very sensible, very thoughtful and affectionate, and she gives evidence of a certain humorous stoicism which must have been sorely needed by one who was married to Morris, loved by Gabriel and often unwell.

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It is true that he adds: "Not that correctness of literal kind is imperative on this point."

But it is clear that details of this kind in his paintings are not mere arbitrary conceits; he is always conscious of the demands of nature and probability. Ruskin would have approved. But when one looks at the finished productions, with which this book is well and generously illustrated, one is puzzled. It is not simply that Rossetti's paintings are unlike nature—on almost any definition of that elusive term—but that they are unlike Rossetti.

A Du Maurier drawing of about 1880 shows us one of his artistically draped, phthisic, desperate, aesthetic ladies addressing herself to a gauche, lumpy philistine. "Are you", she inquires, "are you intense?" Nobody was ever as intense as "La Pia de' Tolomei", "La Donna della Finestra", "Fiametta" or any of the other yearning, soul-stricken avatars of Jane Morris. But the real Jane, if it be she whom we meet in the letters, is not a bit "intense". What did she make of Rossetti's translations of her, did she perhaps think them rather silly? One supposes not; but what is more remarkable is that Rossetti himself could take them altogether seriously. In a way perhaps he did not. He who referred to "Ecce Ancilla Domini" as "the blessed white oyesore", who christened the coloured Lizzy "Guggums" and produced such robustly comic drawings, must surely have sometimes smiled at his own sentimental excesses.

But there was a convention that made it possible to live with the contradiction. It was not only Rossetti but Holman Hunt and Burne Jones who found a place for solemnity in their art, and humour, indeed horseplay, in their lives; they did so by making a tremendous distinction between life and art. When they entered the Temple of the Muses they took off their hats and spoke in hushed voices; as they emerged into the open air they became their usual vulgar, jocular selves. Art then was a kind of religion, for some a substitute for religion and, in the pulpit, one is safe from laughter. There is something fine about painters who can take their profession with such high seriousness; but the position also has its dangers; the sacerdotal artist can easily become a bore, worse still—and this was Rossetti's danger—he can become a hypocrite. We must be glad that Rossetti was very unlike the bore whom we may infer from many of the late portraits; but might not his pictures have been better if they had been more like the man who wrote the letters?

Luxury

It was never really intended as a place for people.

Animals were always more willing not to be right.
The trilobites never gave names to their elegant fossils.
Archaeopteryx flattened its rhythms with his bones.

None of them learned on God or
learned how to die.

But with us, it seems we must prepare
for our forward inventions.
Soul has to look at itself in its double mirror.
Body has to put meaning into its bed.

If only we'd been able to leave it
the way we first found it. No.
We had to have luxury.
We had to invent it as if it were invented for us.

Now that we're wiser
we mustn't allow ourselves to kill ourselves.

Extinction can be a long process.
We're no worse off than we were
because we've been comfortable.

Anne Stevenson

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Paradox of Arabia

By Norman Dixon

JOHN E. MACK:
A Prince of Our Disorder
The Life of T. E. Lawrence
352pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.95.

Our notions of legendary figures are the outcome of many factors—what others have said of him or her (itself a function of the biographer's own prejudices), the extent to which we identify with the figure, hard facts, and, very occasionally, first-hand impressions. The resulting attitudes may range from boredom, verging on distaste, to such extremes of adulation that the "legend" becomes imbued with mystical attributes. Schweitzer, Wingate, Florence Nightingale, Rommel and Marilyn Monroe have all, to some extent, been treated as public projective tests. Few have been so more completely then Lawrence of Arabia.

It could be argued that had he not existed, Lawrence, or someone like him, would have had to be invented, if only to relieve the gray and squalid wastes of the First World War. As an embodiment of vitality, compassion and inspiring leadership he was the perfect antidote to an age singularly lacking in these agreeable attributes. Because he exercised the imagination and continued to present a teasing enigma his legend has persisted.

The inevitable reaction occurred; detractors arose. Possibly because the leader of the Arab revolt was just too good to be true, too much loved, too successful in his influence on other people (including national leaders) and too "falsely" modest, some people, not entirely unmotivated perhaps by personal jealousy, fell upon the image of T.E. Assiduous attempts were made to dismantle the legend.

But what was Lawrence really like? What were his achievements, and—perhaps of even greater interest—how did he become a legendary figure? In this latest biography, we have the clearest, most psychologically sophisticated, unprejudiced and internally consistent picture of T. E. Lawrence yet to appear. Whereas some previous writers have attempted to reduce Lawrence by doubting the truth of various incidents in his writings, John E. Mack expertly dissects the Lawrence phenomenon with the loving care of one who knows he is in the presence of a great and complex character.

A Prince of Our Disorder interweaves three strands of information. First, it provides a detailed and well-documented account of Lawrence's life, from his childhood in Oxford with his gentle aristocratic father and strong-willed, seductive, overpowering mother, through his part in the Arab revolt, to the years of self-imposed attempted anonymity in the ranks, culminating in his death from head injuries in a road accident.

Second, it gently but firmly removes the ground from under the feet of those who have tried to present Lawrence as a charlatan and a fraud. Of those passages in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* seized on by Lawrence's detractors, Dr Mack writes:

> There are, of course, distortions and partial truths in *Seven Pillars*, but these have led to do injustice to the facts of Lawrence's accomplishments, than they have contributed to the distortions of his motives for purposes or with the protection of other people.

It is remarkable how much valuable information the book does contain when its psychological and literary purposes are considered.

Third, in the context of his analysis, Dr Mack provides a broad spectrum of Lawrence's writings from his first meeting with Allenby—

> He was hardly prepared for anything so odd as myself—a little bareheaded silk-skirted man offering to hobble the enemy by his preaching it alone: stores and arms and a fund of two hundred thousand sovereigns to convince and control his converts.

—to experience in a Lyons' teashop:

> The other people were amusing, they helped to come from my preoccupation. Behind me was a black sea who ate beside me, and was exceedingly insistent upon the point of food. I bought an éclair and split it open down its length, like two little dugout canoes. The cat flung itself upon them and hollowed out all the cream with its grating tongue. . . . A man on the opposite seat also had cream on his cheeks and tried to lick it, only his tongue was too short.

Finally, Dr Mack constructs from all these various strands an explanation of his puzzling subject. His method is to trace connections between "elements in Lawrence's ancestral and family background and childhood development and many of the distractions and conflicts of his adult life". Of these links which were "as vitalizing as they were impeding", the most important was Lawrence's discovery at an early age that though his parents professed, and inflicted on their sons, a strict and puritanical moral code, they were in fact unmarried. By itself the knowledge of his illegitimacy may not have been traumatic; what mattered more and produced a chronic and irreconcilable conflict was the hypocrisy and deception practised on him. As Dr Mack puts it, "He became burdened with the sin of his parents, especially his mother's, and was driven to redeem their fallen souls along with his own."

This millstone of guilt and feelings of worthlessness was compounded by two other factors: his rejection by the only woman to whom he ever proposed marriage and the struggle to free himself from the "powerful and devouring" personality of his mother. Since feelings of self-worth depend, among other things, on how one sees oneself as a physical entity and on one's conception of how one looks to others, it is not surprising that Lawrence's self-contempt was exacerbated by the failure of his only attempt to achieve a lasting heterosexual relationship. When, without warning, he blurted out a proposal to a girl whom he had known since childhood, she turned him down with a laugh, in favour of his older and taller brother.

From his relationship with his formidable mother Lawrence both benefited and suffered. On the one hand, his identification with her resulted in those traits of "nurturing-nondominance" that, combined with his mother's legacy of stoicism, extraordinary courage, and powers of physical endurance, were crucial for his achievements. But on the other hand, the strict discipline, including the frequent whippings with which his mother used to try to break his will, probably sowed the seeds of severe and permanent damage to his personality.

Thus, one outcome of his early life was a lasting aversion to physical intimacy. Lawrence was explicit as to the maternal cause of his inability to find a sexual mate: "Knowledge of her" (his own mother), he wrote, "will prevent my ever making any woman a mother and the cause of children."

A second outcome was Lawrence's compulsive desire to be flogged. Reactivated by the sexual assault which he suffered from his Turkish captors at Deraa, the masochistic conflict initiated by childhood beatings induced Lawrence in his last years to persuade a fellow soldier in the Tank Corps to administer periodic and penitential floggings.

Far from using these and elements to diminish Lawrence's stature, Dr Mack shows their link with his staggering achievements as a modern guerrilla leader and one of the first political strategists of the emerging nations. By personal accomplishment and public acclaim Lawrence strove to redress the wrongs of his parents and his own damaged self-evaluation—his control, his unique achievement derives from an effort to perfect the self, a shaping of his personality into an instrument of accomplishment, example and change".

Once one has accepted this thesis, much that has puzzled people about Lawrence falls into place. Many of the apparent inconsistencies in character and behaviour—the seeking of the limelight yet exceptional modesty, his love of speed yet fear of physical harm, his puritanism yet tolerance towards the excesses of others, his willingness to exploit, yet shame at deceiving, the Arab world, his incapacity for physical love yet kindness and compassion to people in all walks of life—become comprehensible products of a remarkable mind divided against itself.

In an age when we can no longer afford to ignore the psychology of military leadership this very readable book deserves a very wide readership. It is interestingly illustrated and possesses that comparative rarity, a large yet sensitively organized subject-matter index.

Lower-deck testimony

By Bryan Ranft

HENRY BAYNHAM:
Men from the Dreadnoughts
272pp. Hutchinson. £5.95.

In Henry Baynham's previous two books about life on the Royal Navy's lower deck he had to rely entirely on written evidence. In this attempt to cover the period 1880-1920 he has been able to interview fifty survivors of the men who joined before 1914 and has produced a highly readable collection of reminiscences. Nor all of his material in *Men from the Dreadnoughts* is oral. He has included extracts from published and unpublished diaries and autobiographies, as well as excerpts from James Yoxley's lower-deck newspaper *Fleet*.

This combination of oral and written sources does produce problems of balance and interpretation, especially as the slovenly editing which mars the book does not always clearly distinguish between them. With some notable exceptions the perceptive and descriptive powers of the writers are superior to those of the men interviewed. The letters contributions rarely rise above the level of anecdote. When this is added to Mr Baynham's frank admission of the difficulty of distilling truth from falsehood in the old men's recollections, the problem of increasing historical understanding by the use of oral records is made clear. Perhaps what is needed is a carefully planned combination of written and spoken evidence. Would it be too much to hope, for instance to compare Mr Baynham's account of life in training ships and establishments with the official regulations that governing such institutions?

The general impression which emerges is of boys and men living under conditions which, if not as brutal as those of earlier periods, were uncomfortable, monotonous and sometimes dangerous. As the twentieth century progressed they become more resentful of petty-minded public attitudes to "Jolly Jack" and less willing to follow their superiors blindly. The gunnery officers were particularly conscious of their status as skilled craftsmen and in the Royal Naval Engineering Benevolent Society found, if not a trade union, an organization which had some of the protective characteristics of a professional association. There is little detailed criticism of officers, they are either "pigs" or "gentlemen" and what bitterness there is is directed largely against the injustice and corruption so often found among the highly unpopular ships' police.

Winston Churchill's period as First Lord before 1914 is highly seen as the culmination of a period of substantial amelioration in living and working conditions, pay and prospects of promotion to commissioned rank. The more generous granting of leave was a great boon, but equally vivid in the memories of the survivors was the relief afforded to stokers and the rest by ships' companies by the substitution of oil fuel for coal.

Fascinating though Mr Baynham's researches are, they do not help very much to answer one of the remaining problems of the history of the Royal Navy in the First World War. How was it that despite the monotony and lack of action experienced by the men of the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow their morale and discipline remained so high?

Still waters deep run

By Paul Bailey

RADCLYFFE HALL:
The Well of Loneliness
447pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £4.50.

Very long is this famous novel by Radclyffe Hall, and very strained is the prose in which it is written. Very sad—nay tragic—is the tale it tells, of a girl from the very best of families who had the misfortune not to be born a boy, and very close to the events of the author's own life appear those recounted in its fifty-six chapters. Very painful it must have been for her to write, and very conscious she makes one of it, for in her syntax she was much divided.

The story it is of Stephen Gordon, only daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Anna of that time-honoured name. Spare the childhood of Stephen was at Morton Hall, the country seat of the Gordons of Bramley—it was there she gambolled and frolicked, and felt one with abundant Nature. Very like Sunnybrook Farm Morton sometimes seems—a place where the horses are full of secrets and even the thrushes speak. A handsome pair are the knight and his wife ("She was lovely as only an Irish woman can be, having that in her bearing that betokened quiet pride, having that in her eyes that beckoned great longing, having that . . .") and sore distressed are they by their less than feminine offspring.

A furtive reader of Krafft-Ebing Sir Philip becomes, while Lady Anna—who has that that betokens so much—is at first confused by, and then downright hostile to, the girl who is sitting with the dumb-bells than the ribbons and laces. But loved Stephen is, all the same—by her father, by Mademoiselle Dupont (she English speak like Radclyffe write), and by Miss Puddleton, who to Morton comes the classics to teach. "Puddle" is a "grey" woman—"grey" she is when she enters the narrative and "grey" she remains thereafter, except that in old age her colour changes to "white". Whenever Stephen glooms (yes, glooms) about the house, who should cheer her up with the appropriate homily but "grey" Puddle, into the loneliness well some calm must fall.

Oh, but who is this to lighten the heavy heart of Lady Anna, she of the once sparkling eyes? Ah, who is the handsome young man who has captured the imagination of the sulky Stephen, and—miracle of miracles—seems to be in love with her? Honest and upright Martin Hallam it is, from British Columbia, who talks to the trees and actually gets a reply from them. Could it be that Stephen, who is alone not indifferent to the occasional chat with a friendly birch, will to his smouldering passion succumb? No, no—"Beloved" he calls her, and off she rushes, repelled by his gross advances. Back to Canada (and the "erect, towering firs") Martin returns, and Lady Anna more hostile grows, and happy, happy Morton—where Sir Philip suddenly dies—turns into Wuthering Heights and Stephen into Heathcliff.

Very low in spirit is Stephen after her father's demise, and must gloom in the Malvern Hills. Very low she stays until a chance encounter with the "amazingly blonde" Angela Crossby her true nature reveals to her. One kiss in the woods is enough to make clear to Stephen that she is a gay [illegible] Gordon. Emily Brontë Radclyffe must have been reading when she penned these pages, for the colourfulness Angela is a pastiche of Cathy, and her husband, Ralph, a red-eyed Edgar Linton.

Cast aside by the ever hostile erstwhile beauty of County Clare, Stephen to London goes with faithful Puddle, where her "fine" first novel she writes—*The Furrow*. Very decadent is the playwright she befriends, Jonathan Brockett, whose "sharp, grey eyes" seek out her innermost desires, and whose "soft, white hands" are for ever fluttering. About Stephen's second novel he is brutal:

> Your last book was inexcusably bad. . . . Oh, I don't mean to say that it's not well written; it's well written because you're just a born writer—you feel words, you've a perfect ear for balance, and a very good and informed knowledge of English. But that's not enough. . . .

To Paris she must go, to carefree Paris, where—with her all-round knowledge of French—she will see La Vie. Stephen and Puddle, they two (yes, they too), cross the Channel and La Vie they see. . . .

War intrudes. "C'est la guerre!" is shouted in the streets, and back comes the answer "Oui, c'est la guerre". After four years Stephen's erotic collects, and a most becoming scar, and a girl called Mary. Mary and Stephen, they two, live happily in Paris ("white" Puddle being back with Lady Anna) and all is, oh happy, with more "fine" novels flowing, and summer following spring, and February following January, and . . . and. . . And Martin, no longer talking to his erect firs, comes to the city, and Mary sees him, and Love blossoms, and Stephen manfully lets her go off into the sunset to a lifetime of merry canverse with fir and hemlock, and Stephen cries out to God for mercy, and the end is reached. . . .

Very naughty this reviewer was with this monumentally dreadful chunk of bokum, but brave he acknowledges Radclyffe Hall must have been; braver than her chum Naomi (Mickie) Jacob, churning out Trouble at Mill sagas in her villa by Lake Garda; braver, arguably, than a real writer like Forster. . . Very unbiddle she was, and very silly, and oh, her "masterpiece" is only fit for a door stop, but courage she had, of a kind.

Post-prandial excitements

By Frank Pike

EUGENE McCABE:
Victims
128pp. Gollancz. £3.20.

The crusscurrents of history, class, tribe, religion, the self-proclaimed personal and public resentments which are fuelled by them, and the claustrophobic intimacies of hate and paranoia to be found in Ireland north—or south—of the border provide a set of narrative possibilities adroitly exploited in this "novel of suspense". Subtitled "A Tale from Fermanagh", it describes an IRA operation in which a squirearchical Tudor mansion is invaded (with the help of plans from the National Trust) and the assembled company, sitting over their after-dinner port, taken hostage against the release of three men from Long Kesh. The squire is Colonel Armstrong, full of Anglo-Irish paternalism and patrician outrage ("we were never absentees, my grandfather cut rents to half and all during the famine"); with a wife given to secret drinking, poetry-reading and insulting her guests—at least one of whom is eminently insultable. When conversation turns to papists Canon Plunnn is ready with irrefutable opinion: "They've a lower IQ than Negroes"; the Irish have "ruined Dublin, painted pillar boxes green, and produced more lunatics and alcoholics per square mile than any other country in the world". Also present are an American academic expert on Irish politics, an aging former member of the Stormont Parliament and the Armstrong's pregnant daughter Millicent.

The latent ironies of the situation are reinforced when it emerges that Millicent was at Trinity College, Dublin, with one of the invaders, Isabel Lynam, an "intellectual bolshie" and by that fact suspect to her colleagues: a representative crew, consisting of another intellectual, an epileptic psychopath, and a pair of amiable peasant brothers, good Catholics both, sent into battle with their bedridden mother's blessing. In the night-long siege-within-a-siege, ending in a bargain which ensures the continuance of the problem, Eugene McCabe has constructed a microcosm of the Ulster stalemate so neat that only the polish of the writing prevents one calling it glib. The author is well known as a stage and television playwright in Ireland, and the professional assurance shows. Their commodity is in short enough supply for it to seem especially churlish to complain that here there is perhaps too much of it: the production values obscure the insights. The promised television dramatization should be worth watching, though.

The memorability factor

By Valentine Cunningham

MARGARET DRABBLE and CHARLES OSBORNE (Editors):
New Stories 1
353pp. Arts Council of Great Britain. £2.50.

The introduction that Charles Osborne and Margaret Drabble supply for the Arts Council's new *New Stories* anthology (the first, it's hoped, in a series) doesn't hold out much promise: a "very rich", it's true, but "odd" mixture of tales (the thirty-odd finalists out of 700 original starters), a gathering that no single reader is expected to enjoy all of. Well, thanks. Nor do the editors confess to anything so elitist as that they have actually seeking the best short stories when they set out to travel the nation's short-story-writers' haunts. They won't even divulge any hints about what in their view constitutes quality in a short story—or what a short story might in fact be. "We did not see it as our task to impose our own literary prejudices on the collection." (Why not?) "The contributions were collected on their own merits", they go on, but the only clue about "merits" is the admission that "we found all these stories memorable". Memorability, eh? If that's to be the test of literary worth then "Jock and Jill" will always come top of the pile.

It is not churlish to go on like this, because the result of this editorial eclecticism ("at the very least they will give a sense of the range of stories being written, with or without expectation of publication in Britain today"), an "odd mixture" indeed, will encourage just those sceptics who profess to discern in the Council's activities a frequent refusal to editorialize, a very commitment to shucking conventions unquestioned but arguable; shocks to the system are discreetly absorbed.

Convention is of the essence, and the convention of Mr Jones's five stories requires him to fill them out with unremarkable detail. People do what is expected of them when they are confronted by the unexpected. A marriage collapses and it is the wife's best friend who feels the pain and the threat to her own sense of a balanced life. The trouble with bourgeois life when it is seen as "bourgeois life" is that it tends to be dull and unpainful, punctuated by minor accidents rather than major disasters. The writer's problem, if he takes this as his theme, is to look beyond the familiar portent of chintz and carpet. Mervyn Jones looks hard in this collection of stories, but finds only what he expects to find: middle-class lives are built on habit; middle-class morality is a set of conventions unquestioned but arguable; shocks to the system are discreetly absorbed.

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writers is fairly dull and often awkwardly amateurish, whereas the published men, of various like from anti-fictionalists to straightforwardly faithful transcribers of social realities—a gang that includes Giles Gordon, Gabriel Josipovici, Dorrent May, David Holbrook, Norman Levine and James Kirkup—strike you instantly by their confidence with words, their feel for conversation and various sets of idiolect, their precised way of putting and thumping a form into the shape they want.

So there is not all that much evidence for the editors' lament about all the old short-story outlets closing up and thus blocking out the talented scribbler. Going on what this anthology offers, the published stuff in the market have not missed so many tricks as to cause one great grief. To be fair, though, they have missed a small group of writers, discovery of which must be credited to our editors and to the Arts Council. Of the newcomers, Richard Austin (a taut, tart story about a children's author letting the snuffle slip at a signing), Esmé Dodderidge (a nicely tough account of a girl growing up and being fetched up by a long-loving uncle), and R. C. Holmes (a marvellously funny tale of a family controlling the nonsuppurance of a smarty-pants PR man from the tobacco company they are suing for foetal damage), are certainly worth hearing from and will doubtless be heard from again.

What these particular new writers and the old hands possess, and what lots of the other new writers lack, is energy. The sort of energy Jones's work needs in a short story might be illustrated by James Kirkup's ferociously pursued squib, "The Man Who Ate Himself", about a man in Kensington Gore who went on from biting his lips to the rest of his corpus. It is an epiphany that is superbly controlled; the word is made flesh, so to speak, though the spelling out of the pun is never laboured; the writing is tight, and the piece is kept short. Above all, here is a conception, a fantastic notion even, that is artfully shaped.

Victims of their class

MERVYN JONES:
Scenes from Bourgeois Life
148pp. Quartet. £3.95.

Divorce brings a daughter-in-law into the family home, but the welcome dissolves into resentment as she gradually takes it over. A student from Wimbledon marries a Czech, and answers parental disapproval with a commitment which leads her in a prison cell in Prague. Frustrations simmer and duly boil over. "They scrutinized ugly wallpaper, when they were imprisoned by massive walls", muses one character, fashioning an epitaph for the rest.

The least persuasive story is also the one which breaks the mould—a curious account of a textile designer who collects children, two of whom seal their fathers' dark reputation with an act of incest in their bleak house up on the Lancashire moors. The most successful is also the one which deals with the most ordinary life: Iris from Dorking, with an average number of children and an average interest in coffee mornings and community work, who discovers unwelcome aspects of her character when she and her husband retire to a cottage in the fenland, tireless seclusion of the Norfolk countryside. Here at least the grays are subtly shaded.

David Wilson

August Books

LEONARD MOSLEY
Lindbergh: A Biography
A personal and political biography of the first international hero of the 20th century
£6.50 Illus.

SEBASTIAN SNOW
The Rucksack Man
His idiosyncratic account of his walk from Cape Horn to the Panama Canal £4.95

MARTIN WOODHOUSE & ROBERT ROSS
The Medici Emerald
Adventurer, swashbuckler—Leonardo da Vinci as you've never known him! £3.95

MICHAEL HALLIDAY
The Man Who Was Not Himself £3.25

GILBERT HACKFORTH-JONES
Dexter At War £3.25

ELLIS K. MEACHAM
For King and Company £4.95

CONSTANCE CAREY
The Chekhov Proposal £4.25

DUNCAN McNEIL
The Mullah from Kashmir £3.40

Hodder & Stoughton

Dramatis personae

By Vivian Mercier

BERNARD BENSTOCK:
Paycocks and Others
Sean O'Casey's World
318pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £11.

On March 18, 1924, a couple of weeks after the very successful opening night of *Juno and the Paycock*, Joseph Holloway met Sean O'Casey in the vestibule of the Abbey Theatre; later, he recorded their conversation in his journal:

> He told me that when he started to write plays he thought he was a second Shaw sent to express his views through his characters, and was conceited enough to think that his opinions were the only ones that mattered. It was Lady Gregory who advised him to cut out all expression of self, and develop his peculiar opinions for character drawing. At first he didn't take kindly to her advice, but afterwards on consideration felt she was right.

Choosing as his epigraph for *Paycocks and Others* Lady Gregory's own words to O'Casey, "I believe there is something in you and your strong point is characterization", Bernard Benstock has analysed and classified all the characters not only in O'Casey's plays and short stories but in the highly fictionalized autobiographies as well. The result is an extremely useful handbook—one which *inter alia* may spare generations of students the necessity of actually reading some of the more inept among the later plays. *Paycocks and Others* does not, however, fully justify the blurb's claim that "it isolates a vital aspect of O'Casey's technique and uses it as a touchstone for a complete critical survey of his life's work".

In order to be truly critical, this survey would need to be organized differently, following the hint given by O'Casey to Holloway: all the characters who are mere mouthpieces for O'Casey—the sheep—would form one group, and all the autonomous characters—the goats—would form the other. Only in a brief sub-section, "Unsocial Socialists", of the chapter entitled "The Hero as Hero" does Professor Benstock consider the ironic treatment in the early plays of those who share O'Casey's socialist beliefs. The Covey in *The Plough and the Stars* is a cowardly figure of fun, even though he voices O'Casey's own suspicion before 1916 that a nationalist uprising would do little or nothing to emancipate the Irish working class. Similarly, Jerry Devine in *Juno and the Paycock* is an earnest and idealistic trade unionist, but his humanity is shown to be "just as narrow as the humanity of the others". Professor Benstock rightly contrasts these two characters and others like them with the communist or socialist martyr heroes of *The Star Turns Red*, *Red Roses for Me* and *Oak Leaves and Lavender*—all three of whom clearly share their creator's approval. What Professor Benstock, generally speaking, refrains from pointing out—though he has shown himself too keen a critic in other books not to be aware of it—is that Jack, Ayamonn Breydon, and Drishogue O'Morrigan are scarcely less priggish than their predecessors. Good actors might keep them from sounding too ridiculous on the stage, but in cold print they are frequently insufferable: Drishogue, for example, when he expresses reverence "for the greatness in England's mighty human spirit set down in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, and Milton, and in the mighty compass of Darwin's mind . . . and so forth", adds Professor Benstock with a flash of unusual impatience and candour,

> In O'Casey's three great early plays there were both tragic characters and comic characters. The former were those who eventually gained insight into their own predicament and then became, but only for a moment, the mouthpieces of O'Casey: Juno, for instance, when she says, "Maybe I didn't feel sorry enough for Mrs Tancred when her poor son was found on Johnny's been found now—because he was a Die-hard! Ah, why didn't I remember that then he wasn't a Die-hard or a Stater, but only a poor dead son!" The comic characters, on the other hand, remain locked in their fantasy worlds for ever, incapable of that gleam of insight. As the Paycock staggers on stage for the last time, he is convinced that "the country", not he himself, "will have to steady itself. . . . No matther . . . what anyone may . . . say Ireland sober . . . is Ireland free". All his self-delusions concerning his patriotism, courage, sobriety and respectability are paraded intact in his last drunken speeches. Only the supposed tragic heroes of the later plays are as self-obsessed and lacking in self-awareness as "Captain" Boyle.

Above: Sean O'Casey with Rio Mooney, who played the prostitute Rosie Redmond in the first production of The Plough and the Stars *at the Abbey Theatre. Below: Arthur Sinclair as Seumas Shields in* The Shadow of a Gunman *at the Court Theatre, London, in 1927, and Eileen Carey, who married O'Casey three months after its opening, as Minnie. David Krause relates the life in* Sean O'Casey and his World *(128pp. Thames and Hudson. £3.50), and there are 87 illustrations.*

All critical studies of O'Casey founder on the same shoal—the nearly total lack of irony in the later plays. No critic can earn a reputation by pointing out their obvious faults; it seems more daring and more chivalrous to defend them. David Krause and Robert Hogan, in books published to honour O'Casey's eightieth birthday, have already made what seems the best possible case, especially for the later comedies *Purple Dust*, *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, and *The Drums of Father Ned*. Since 1960, the really important work on O'Casey has been biographical: Martin B. Margulies's *The Early Life of Sean O'Casey* (1970) and, the first volume of Saunders Macmillan's projected edition of the letters, which appeared last year. Professor Hogan and Ronald Ayling have also edited useful volumes containing early and/or uncollected work. Sean, Eileen O'Casey's tender reminiscence of her late husband, revealed a side of O'Casey that no scholar could document.

The time, then, is ripe for the publication of the biography that Mr Ayling has been engaged on for some years, but even without it I think we already know what most affected O'Casey's later career as a playwright: Professor Benstock is right to insist that O'Casey did not necessarily lose touch with his subject-matter by moving to England in 1926. It was the Abbey directors' rejection of *The Silver Tassie* in 1928 that cut him off at one stroke from his natural audience, from a brilliant acting company that had found ideal parts in his plays, and above all from the constructive criticism of his fellow artists Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, and Lennox Robinson. What an irony it was that these three, the very people who had helped him to find his true vein as a playwright, should by their public rejection of his fourth major work cause him to lose his way in mid-career.

There remains, however, at least one critical/scholarly approach to O'Casey deserving more attention than it has yet received. His increasing use in the later plays of Irish myth and legend and even of the Irish language has not yet been closely examined. Nobody to my knowledge has taken up the hint given in Professor Kreuger's article "The Rageous Ossoen" (*Modern Drama*, December 1961), where he explores the "Ossionic" element in O'Casey and Synge. Although Professor Benstock divides one chapter between "Arguflora and Lepracharms", he does not lay much stress on the latter group's references to old gods such as Lugh and Angus; neither does he make explicit the implications of Kelly "from the Isle of Monannan" in the one-act Time to Go. Kelly is not only the hero of the music-hall song "Kelly from the Isle of Man"; he is also the sea-god Menannan, who gave his name to the island. O'Casey grew fonder and fonder, too, of inserting Gaelic puns into the names of both characters and places. Benstock sees an English pun in Ballybeefhut, unaware that in Irish the name means roughly "Beaver-town", just as the name of another town, Doonavale, means "Shut-up-mouth".

The game of one of O'Casey's life-loving characters, Martin Beaman, is misspelt throughout as "Bee-man"; Professor Benstock's Irish editor might well have remembered that Irish *beo* means "lively" or "alive". Drishogue O'Morrigan, the Irish citizen, is clearly descended from the Morrigu or Morrigen, a war-goddess. Canon Chrehewel, the fake *bonhomme* priest of *Purple Dust*, bears a name meaning "heavy" or "generous". As for the frigid Poorsweet Relligan in The Bishop's *Bonfire*, she is doubly damned in a first name that means "cold-hearted one" and a surname derived from *relig*, meaning "cemetery". Professor Benstock's industry has made it easy for me to recognize nearly thirty such names; probably many more remain to be found. All will cast light on O'Casey's intentions, though not necessarily on his achievement.

Passages to England

By Douglas Sealy

ANTHONY CRONIN:
Dead as Doornails
201pp. Calder and Boyars. £5.50.

CHAIM BERMANT:
Coming Home
220pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

SASTHI BRATA:
Traitor to India
159pp. Elek. £4.95.

Youth, says Anthony Cronin, is a disease, but not incurable. He himself has survived, and now in his fifties, looks back on what many would consider a misspent youth, passed nominally in the service of literature, actually at the altar of Bacchus. He seems to have been well liked, a man of intellect and able to converse on literary and cultural matters at a high level, but the object of his memoir *Dead as Doornails* is not to tell us about himself, but about seven of his more notable acquaintances, great characters and great drinkers, and great failures.

Brendan Behan, always uneasily conscious of the enormous gap between his aspirations and achievement, who drank himself to death; Ralph Cusack, a rentier artist who knew that his pictures were worthless and whose brain exploded; Patrick Kavanagh, a man of genius who might have been Ireland's greatest poet if the time and the company had been right, and whose drinking habits would have killed him if he had not died of pneumonia; Brian O'Nolan, an extraordinarily gifted writer who never bettered his first book, became the Jekyll to the Hyde of his own comic journalism, was an alcoholic and died of throat cancer: these were the four worthies of the Dublin scene in the 1950s and 1960s.

The other three worthies Cronin met in London, and they were Scots: the inseparable painters, Robert Colquhoun and Robert MacBryde, to whom success came too soon and too lavishly and who became slaves to the bottle; and the writer Julian Maclaren Ross, a flamboyant and chameleonic character who had written some fine stories and sketches in the 1940s and nothing much since. Cronin shared drinks with them, listened to them drunk or sober, and helped them when he could; he had now pinned them on paper with descriptive notes, a twentieth-century Boswell of the boozer.

Cronin was ten to twenty years younger than his characters, an admirer but not uncritical. He could see their flaws, their childishness and immaturity, their incipient paranoia, their desperation need for recognition; they found in him an independent and acerbic mind whose conversation was of more value than that of the sycophants and toadies by whom they were surrounded. He was young enough to make them feel younger and perhaps they sensed that one day he would write this book about them and turn their unhappiness into comedy.

Dead as Doornails is an amusing as well as a sad book. Cronin and Behan went to France, mesmerized fug as pilgrims to Rome and epoing off gullible curés; their attempt to return to Ireland, penniless, as stowaways, was a humiliating fiasco, but Behan's abstinence never failed him. Cronin was present at the tragi-comedy of Kavanagh's libel action against an ailing Irish weekly which turned and hit him in his Achilles heel. The two Roberts, one with a knife, ran naked in a lovers' riff round the garden of Cronin's digs in Wembley, scandalizing the neighbours.

Cronin survived the pub-crawls and fiascos and lived to tell the tale. Preferring the failures of the 1940s, whose bellies though getting dinner and dinner in succeeding decades were yet of genuine gold last, to the brassy success-oriented epigoni of the 1950s, he became, almost inevitably, a connoisseur of the primrose paths and cicerone of the ruins.

While Cronin and companions were downing whiskies at the bar, a twenty-six-year-old Lithuanian stood outside a teashop in London, counting his pennies to see if he could afford a cup of tea. He was a student at the London School of Economics, wanted to be a writer and did supply teaching for a living. The year was 1955 and he had come a long way.

Chaim Icyk Bermant was born in Polish Lithuania. When he was three his parents moved to Lesotho where his father officiated as rabbi and worked as kosher slaughterer for a small village. A few years later his father lost his labour permit, but succeeded in getting a job as slaughterer in Glasgow, and eventually brought his family over. Their relatives who remained were all killed. The young Bermant did not like living in a city but found the parks, the trams and the libraries were redeeming features. He was evacuated to the countryside during the war but was fatched back by his parents when he attended the cinema on the Sabbath. When he left school he went to a Zionist camp for kibbutzim in the south of England. Already an admirer of the English, he now fell in love with England, its lanes, its fields, its farms, its games—"to watch cricket on a sunny afternoon was to experience a Sabbath of the soul".

In 1951 he went to Israel and found that there was no place in the kibbutz for a writer such as he was. He returned to Glasgow with a degree, and then left for London where he stood outside the teashop. He married, his tenth job was a great success and enabled him and his family to go to Israel, just in time, as it happened, for the Yom Kippur war ("a punishment from God"), his children were taunted by their teacher, "because Jewish women went about immodestly dressed").

Though going to Israel felt like going home, he found the rigid conformism that prevailed there distasteful. He had become used to the liberal ways of England and though he observed the Sabbath he remained Orthodox in his habits had become increasingly unorthodox in his thoughts. After a year he returned, not unwillingly, to England, because a writer's homeland is land, because a writer's homeland is his language and every word of his hard-won English evoked "English scenes, English thoughts, English ways". He was at home in England in a way that he would never be in Hebrew, and had not most of his life been spent adapting himself to the English? Not for him the path of protest, of bohemian freakishness or of cherished idiosyncrasy, but the tormentingly long way to a comfortable five-bedroomed suburban house, semi-detached, private-hedged and hay-whitened", the delight of which would have filled Cronin with scorn, and perhaps envy, on they contemptuously dismissed it as "bourgeois".

Coming *Home*, Chaim Bermant's memoir, almost documentary account of his workaday world, is in strong contrast to Cronin's bohemia. It is possible that an alien, already eccentric in upbringing and appearance, might not have as much inclination to toss plates at the bourgeoisie; comic reputations are easy to gain and hard to lose: once the disease of youth had set in the joints begin to stiffen. Such a person, aged thirty-seven, is suffering, if that is the word, from the disease and refuses to see a doctor, *Achoneiue contra mundum*. Born in India of devout Brahmin parents who thoroughly spoilt him, he rejected all they stood for, went to England where he hobnobbed around the pubs hoping to meet a successful and famous. He married a woman, took LSD, read all the fashionable books from Herbert Marcuse, visited America, married the widow of one of successful returned to Israel, occasionally, discovered some palatable facts about India's involvement in Bangladesh, and had written two three books about himself. It is subtitled "A Search for Home"; home he seems to have found in London, despite the omnipresent colour prejudice.

Esboe, as he calls himself in short, is never in the wrong. He just ees the reader is rising of conceit and bumptiousness, there is a confession of doubt, a disarming admission of inadequacy, but Esbee's "conversation with myself" proceeds on its unshaken course. If he were to ask himself "Qu'as tu fait de ta jeunesse?" he would reply "Wait till I tell you". Bermant would answer the question in his mother's words: "I survived." "Not nearly enough," answered.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

PETER NEW:
George Crabbe's Poetry
248pp. Macmillan. £4.95.

There is something immensely impressive about Crabbe. He was, said F. R. Leavis, in an essay quoted by Peter New, "hardly of the fine point of consciousness in his time". What an excellent thing not to have been! How many false hopes did this solid and partisciouse observer decline to share! "His sensibility belongs to an order that those who were most alive to the age—who had the most sensitive antennae—had ceased to find sympathetic." More fools they, perhaps. At any rate, "the age" is a somewhat arbitrary conception, standing for the clutch of notions which seem, retrospectively, to have had most success in the world. At best it is a very incomplete conception. If there is a poetic sensibility—Crabbe's for example—sharper than that of most of those who are fluttering their antennae, and which notices things which the more intellectually fashionable have agreed to ignore, what becomes of "the fine point of consciousness"? We must, to say the least, take it that much less seriously.

It is not easy to place Crabbe satisfactorily in his time. His first literature work was published in 1780, only five years after *The Deserted Village*; *Tales of the Hall* is 1819, and so in the world of Byron, Shelley and Keats. He was born in 1754—in the decade which produced William Blake and, among those it is now perhaps permitted to refer to as foreigners, Robert Burns, making as ill-assorted a trio as you could wish to see as products of a "time". Wordsworth and Coleridge were his juniors by passing on for twenty years, Shelley and Keats by something like forty.

But not less significant than the dates, as a clue to Crabbe's sensibility, were his social origins. The child amphibious race, With sullen woe display'd in every face", who were the common people of Aldborough, were too close to him to look romantic. "Nor", says his son, "although the family in which he was born happened to be somewhat above the mass in point of situation, was the remove so great as to be marked with any considerable difference in point of refinement." Nothing here of that distance which, for some, lent charm to the work of our poets of the 1930s. It took the intervention of Burke to make a gentleman of Crabbe, and by then he was twenty-seven and it was too late for his sensibility to be much affected.

Edward Fitzgerald, an enthusiastic admirer and a fine critic of Crabbe, in a letter to C. E. Norton, gives a picture of him which brings out well the way in which the poet's sensibility was concealed, and it may be protected, by the social polish of the finished man. "Crabbe never showed himself in Company", he says, "unless to a very close and experienced observer: his Company manner was exactly the reverse of his Books, almost, as Moore says, 'doucereux': the apologetic politeness of the old School over-done, as by one who was not born to it." There was perhaps, anyhow, an original nervousness about him, and the tradition that his "first essay in verse was a stanza of doggerel", cautioning a little girl "against being too much elevated about a new set of blue ribbands to her straw bonnet", is well-conceived, whether or not it is true.

Starting from F. R. Leavis's remark about the fine point of consciousness, and his complementary remark that Crabbe is "a living classic", Peter New has a first chapter in which he explores the less fashionable aspects of the poet's thought. First come his religious beliefs; that they "were not disturbed by his interest in fossils is not surprising". He was born too early for Lyell's geology and sometimes enlivened what must have been some very dull hours by refuting Gibbon and Hume. Sir Leslie Stephen said, long ago, that Crabbe

> was as indifferent as a good old-fashioned clergyman could very well be to the existence of any new order of ideas in the world. . . . Every newer development of thought was still far away from the quiet pews of Aldborough. . . . Lapped in such ignorance, and with a mind little given to speculation, it is only in character that Crabbe should be totally insensible to the various moods of thought represented by Wordsworth's pantheistic conceptions of nature, or by Shelley's dreamy idealism, or Byron's fierce revolutionary impulses.

Still, Stephen, like the race of Bloomsbury which he begat, had his own kind of aesthetic and moral imperviousness. There is some foolishness about this innuendo that Crabbe should have leapt to embrace these aberrations of his juniors, who were besides university-bred and, some of them, socially remote. Crabbe started from what was in front of him, and particularly from what had been in front of him in his early years. It was not infidelity as a system, with all the fun that could be got out of it, that preoccupied him, but the effect of silly ideas in directing people's attention away from the real world.

On the subject of "Crabbe and the Imagination" Peter New has some excellent things to say. Without depreciating Wordsworth's originality, and superiority in certain respects, he says,

> On the other hand it may be questioned, setting the tale of Margaret against, for example, *Resolution and Independence*, whether Wordsworth's originality is wholly a gain. One important sense of imagination is the capacity to treat other minds as other, which Wordsworth's kind of imaginative response to the Leech-gatherer precludes. For Crabbe, undoubtedly, other people existed, and this is an intellectual gain of no slight order, of more importance than the question to which decade or series of decades his more mechanical bits of intellectual equipment should be attributed. Theorists and lyrical poets alike—to say nothing of the common run of mankind—are often deficient in this kind of objectivity, but it is a quality of the greatest poetry and Crabbe had it in poetry which admittedly is not among the greatest—though that is no more than to say that he is not Chaucer or Shakespeare, and not that his work is not of more permanent importance than most of Shelley's.

A great deal of attention has been paid in *Peter Grimes*, owing to the story having been represented in a form more palatable to the twentieth century. Peter New gives the tale high praise: "As the humane representation of a barely human consciousness it has few rivals in English literature." Yet he does make a qualification which is certainly not less just, that it "has not the complexity of some of the best 1812 Tales". The fact is that the brutal isolation of Grimes's mind does not give the opportunity for that exploration of the interaction of character which is one of Crabbe's strengths. There is scope here, for once in Crabbe's writing, for a little heedless romanticism, which would itself be enough to account for the story's relative popularity in later times. There is in it a certain concession to the world of ghosts and shrieks.

Fitzgerald's favourite among Crabbe's books was *The Tales of the Hall*, which, from an author "mellowed with a prosperous old age", as he says, "deals rather with the follies than with the vices of men, with the comedy rather than the tragedy of life". The tragic stories are "assuredly not more impressive than such as are composed of that mingled yarn of grave and gay of which this kind of life he treats is, I suppose, generally made up". But he admitted that scissors and paste were needed to do away with some of the longueurs of the work. The Tales, 1812, are probably the best introduction to the works of Crabbe. Crabbe was by then the master of his medium and Peter New's claim, that "the collection as a whole establishes Crabbe as a short-narrative poet of quality surpassed in English only by Chaucer", is not excessive. The realism is based on a close and involuntary observation of a vigorous, narrow society where there is little room for pretences. "Women and young People never will like him, I think" — to quote Fitzgerald again — "but believe every thinking man will like him more as he grows older." That was in 1877; it may well be that, after a hundred years, and in a different world, the young—of either sex, need I say?—will find novelty in the stringency of the milieu as well as in that of the language.

Small talk from the Club

By Keith Walker

CHARLES FIFER (Editor):
The Correspondence of James Boswell with Certain Members of the Club
Yale Edn. Holmemann. £25.

The Club, afterwards (to the displeasure of some of its members) the Literary Club, was suggested by Samuel Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1764. Originally it had nine members. Later it grew to twelve, who met fortnightly for dinner during the Parliament term. Boswell gives a short account of its history in his *Life of Johnson*, together with a list of members. These included Burke, Goldsmith, Gorrick, Reynolds, Fox, Adam Smith, Charles Fox, and Sir William Jones. It is hard to think of any man of science in the arts with the exception of David Hume who did not belong.

The *Correspondence of James Boswell with Certain Members of the Club* is the third volume of the Yale Edition of the Yale Boswell to appear. It is not as boring as the Boswell's correspondence with John Johnston, of which we unkindly but truly said that publication was more interesting than the text, nor is it as consistently interesting as Volume 2, the correspondence about the *Life* of Johnson, reviewed in the *TLS* July 1970, where the letters were strategically grouped round a single theme, the most important in Boswell's life—the making of his masterpiece. This new volume contains only four letters from Boswell to members of The Club, 131 to others, some fifty letters to Boswell, preserved in the Boswell papers.

Some in the *Life of Johnson* he said that Johnson and Boswell "were with the idea of forming a society of a "very respectable" kind, with members as well as they might, for the Club's members were at the forefront of intellectual interests (except science) in the late eighteenth century. From their correspondence we should expect, but do not get, a rich intellectual feast. Not all members corresponded with Boswell. Moreover, of those who did, the letters of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and Malone have been reserved for other volumes in this series. In the main, we are left with letters of Thomas Barnard (the Bishop of Killaloe), Topham Beauclerk (grandson of Lord Sunderland), Thomas Percy, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many letters consist of invitations or arrangements to meet. The longer letters, chiefly from members of The Club in intellectual exile in Scotland or at their seats in the country, do touch on matters of the day—the French and American revolutions, slavery, elections, and so forth—but there is hardly anything new or compellingly interesting. What is good in the gossip has already been used in the *Life of Johnson*. Charles Fifer is forced to concede that the interest of this volume is largely in biographical adjustment: "Beauclerk's letters to Langton are valuable for their clear expression of the wretchedness in which Beauclerk ended his days and for the solid evidence which they offer of his friendship for Langton." *Valuable?* The insight seems exiguous, not to say banal.

In his introduction, which includes new biographical material on many of the correspondents, Professor Fifer makes considerable claims for the significance of the letters in giving shape to the hitherto shadowy figure of Thomas Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe, who turns out to be yet another of Boswell's surrogate fathers. Strangely, Fifer finds him "witty, urbane, yet religious". Barnard writes, "I honestly acknowledge that I am guilty of the erroneous charge of being both a Christian and a Tory (implies a Friend to the Constitution in Church and State from Principle)". (Why should he consider this a charge, with a laborious irony?) Barnard remarked to Boswell that Johnson was "not a Gentleman"; and he insists over a false quantity he thought Johnson had made in a Latin Ode (*recoduint* for *recidunt*). The mistake was Boswell's. The ever-helpful footnotes tell us that we must not blame Boswell for this because the Scotch were not required to compose Latin verses at school. (Where then, did they get their moral fibre?)

In the most bizarre episode in this Barnard correspondence, Barnard sends Boswell a brick he himself had torn off the "Smoking Remains" of the radical and scientist Joseph Priestley's meeting house in Birmingham, sacked by a law-and-order mob who then marched off to burn Priestley's laboratory and library because he supported the French Revolution.

Many of the remaining letters concern Boswell's day-to-day life as a lawyer, politician, and writer, but the most interesting letters concern *The Life of Johnson*. Reviewers who have devoted much space to these letters seem unaware that they have been published before, in the second volume of the Research Edition. In view of the very high price of this book I hope the editorial committee do not plan any more large-scale overlaps of this kind.

The notes make the often obscure backgrounds accessible, and supply information on a variety of recondite topics. Indeed they are beyond praise, if at times a little unworldly: "For a detailed description of the [Birmingham] riot, see *The Universal British Directory*, 1791, ii. 204-06; *Dublin Chronicle*, 23 July 1791, v. 286-288."

A letter from William Windham to Bennet Langton is dated "Friday Evening, 16th". Professor Fifer, by a comparison of the journals of Windham and Reynolds, and various printed sources, establishes that "there are only three possible dates for this letter: 16 June 1786, 16 Feb. and 16 Mar. 1787". The letter is an invitation to dinner. Such care is admirable, but one cannot repress the thought that it is unjust that this sort of attention can be lavished on Boswell when the Yale edition of Johnson is proceeding so slowly, so leadenly annotated, and with a questionable text.

Good sense and sensibility

By C. H. Sisson

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Over the heads of the orientalists

By Richard Harris

ANN TROTTER :
Britain and East Asia 1933-1937
277pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.70.

STEPHEN LYON ENDICOTT :
Diplomacy and Enterprise
British China Policy 1933-37
209pp. Manchester University Press. £6.50.

ROBERT BOARDMAN :
Britain and the People's Republic of China 1949-1974
210pp. Macmillan. £10.

In the nineteenth century closer contacts with China and Japan gave rise to the "inscrutable" oriental. For the British policy-maker neither country was easy to understand. Certainly they demanded special study, a need that was met by those known as "orientalists", men who steeped themselves in the language and culture and could be summoned for advice by the policy-makers in Whitehall.

This was still true of the period in the 1930s discussed in the studies by Ann Trotter and Stephen Lyon Endicott. George Sansom, then holding the appointment of commercial counsellor in the Tokyo embassy, was described by Sir John Simon, in an official document quoted by Miss Trotter in *Britain and East Asia 1933-1937*, as "one of the very best authorities on Japan" — a judgment promptly amended by Sir Robert Vansittart to "greatest living authority" on that country.

In China there was the consular service as the training ground for specialists. It produced some memorable men as well as some very dull ones. Mr Endicott in *Diplomacy and Enterprise* notes a report on the service covering the years 1912-37, by which time the quality of recruitment was falling off. Over that period eight had died at their posts; three killed themselves; four retired from ill-health; three were carried and sent to asylums; four were invalided out of the service; ten were compulsorily retired for reasons such as "eccentricity", or marriage to Chinese wives; five had serious breakdowns and nine resigned.

Outside the ranks of orientalists — again, even in the 1930s — understanding of East Asia was fragmentary; incomprehension much more common. This comes through often enough from the official sources quoted by Miss Trotter and from the opinions of businessmen whose records have been diligently turned up by Mr Endicott.

The Far Eastern department of the Foreign Office was headed by a man who had no experience of either China or Japan who had to be advised by Sir John Pratt, a consul of many years' service. But neither the department nor its ex-consular adviser carried much weight in the FO hierarchy, which perhaps helps to explain why Chamberlain at the Treasury was able to impose his own views on British policy over the then Foreign Secretary, Simon.

Both these books take as their starting-point the de facto establishment of Japan's acquisition of Manchuria as the vassal state of Manchukuo and end with the outbreak of fighting in North China that continued in Japan's aggressive war. The puzzling question for British policy was in the relative weight to be accorded to Japan and to China. In the first two decades of the twentieth century the alliance with Japan served British ends at some cost to China. After the Washington conference of 1921 it was deserved and replaced by a new four-power approach towards China. By then it was China, so slow to respond in the nineteenth century, that was changing. All through the 1920s the strong tide of Chinese nationalism had been in the make, and in 1928 the new government under Chiang Kai-shek offered the prospect of orderly international relations carried out by a new generation of officials who had studied in Western universities.

But how independent or united was China in 1933? Chiang Kai-shek's rule was certainly restricted. Moreover, Japan's tendency to impose its own solution on China had been signalled at least since the twenty-one demands of 1915. Then in 1931 came the takeover in Manchuria which the League of Nations was unable to stop and about which the Americans, though much disturbed, had shown themselves unwilling to do anything. The official documents quoted by Miss Trotter reveal that the British, so far from cooperating with American policy, always preferred to go their own way lest they should be let down by the inaction of a still isolationist United States. The Americans would always "leave Britain to bear the brunt of the action and the blame". It was testily noted in the Foreign Office.

Nevertheless, which was the best point on which policy could be founded — Japan or China? The ideal solution proposed was to keep on the right side of Japan without damaging British interests in China, trusting that the Japanese would stabilize China and that Britain could enjoy any benefits that accrued. This was an impossible task. Indeed, in 1934 a statement by the Japanese Foreign Office spokesman Amau warning against "peace and order being disturbed by international cooperation in assisting China" seemed to confirm the fears of those who said that Japan was staking a claim to imposing her own solution on China — a Monroe doctrine for East Asia, as it were. The Japanese then — and probably now, too — saw their relations with the Western world as one thing; their relations with China as quite another.

Both books bring out Chamberlain's — and the Treasury's — dominant role over the Foreign Office in policy-making, and both go into some detail over Sir Frederick Leith-Ross's mission to China and Japan. Chamberlain's fear was that Britain might embark on a policy that would be ingloriously exposed when British total inability to back it with force to be revealed. The Chiefs of Staff were then insisting that the mounting threat of Hitler's Germany would absorb all Britain's defensive capacity; East Asia thus imposed a policy of skilful manoeuvre.

In Chamberlain's view this meant friendship with Japan and frankly accepting their creation of Manchukuo. Miss Trotter brings out the dilemma and the readiness to believe, against the evidence, that the Japanese intrusion into China might be limited. Her analysis is lucid and her quotations from the official documents are aptly chosen. Mr Endicott however sees all the actors as imperialists and capitalists tending to believe in accordance with these stereotypes. Chamberlain was therefore the appeaser of a right-wing aggressive government, while the business lobby in China favoured Japan because what

Varahi, the female counterpart of the Boar incarnation of Vishnu, displaying a noose, a fish and a skull-cup. Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young (135pp. Weatherhill/Phaidon, $19.95) catalogues an American exhibition held last year and includes 97 photographs of examples of Nepali art, dating from the eighth to the nineteenth century.

The age of the warlords

By W. J. F. Jenner

JAMES E. SHERIDAN :
China in Disintegration
The Republican Era in Chinese History, 1912-1949
338pp. Collier-Macmillan. £9.

HSI-SHENG CH'I :
Warlord Politics in China, 1916-1928
282pp. California : Stanford University Press. $11.50.

It is very difficult to decide how to write an introductory notice for a book on modern China by Western readers. It is one to make a textbook concerned treating on "those events conventionally regarded as important: the revolution of 1911, the May Fourth movement, the alliance between the Kuomintang and the Chinese and Soviet communists of the middle 1920s, and so on? These are the sorts of topics on which examination questions are asked, and they give a book a straightforward structure. Such, for the most part, is the approach chosen by James E. Sheridan in *China in Disintegration*, with an important exception. Usually, but not always, he guides his readers amicably along the few well-worn paths across the vast and accessibly slapped expanse of China's history during the first half of this century.

Were his book no more than that one could simply commend it as a readable and competent guide to the sort of views of modern China prevalent among American historians of the centre, while observing that the author has not really left himself enough room in which to consider the tremendous upheavals of the twelve years from 1937 onwards during which first the war against Japan and then the civil war changed China utterly.

If these seem grudging commendations of a book for doing a useful job well, that is because it deserves higher praise for partly doing something more serious. A history of modern China can also bring home to its readers the poverty and wretchedness in which most Chinese lived, enabling young Americans to realize what it was like to struggle each day for mere survival, and to let them feel the calling, humiliation and burning resentment of seeing one's country unable to withstand foreign demands, however outrageous. Revolution and nationalism are indeed two of the great themes of Chinese history in the first half of this century, as Professor Sheridan rightly emphasizes; but they need to be given human significance if a reader who may not have much experience of the world is to understand why the titanic political conflicts of the first half of the century led to such thoroughgoing changes in everybody's lives. Professor Sheridan does not do this well enough.

Fortunately parts of the book do meet a similar challenge. Professor Sheridan succeeds in bringing his history to life when dealing with those legendary monsters (or enemies) who were once spick figures in the sort of popular Western textbook outline of modern China — the warlords, the Communist Party, the Kuomintang — the warlords in his chapters on the soldiers who between them decided the country's destiny during the first two or three decades of the Republic he avoids woolly formulations and the playing of academic games to show how things actually happened. Here he is on home ground (his *Chinese Warlord*, a biography of Feng Yü-hsiang, is one of the best monographs on Republican China available) and he inspires confidence as he tells us who the warlords were and how they operated. He minces no words about their brutal and rapacious behaviour, which generally differed from common banditry only in its scale. He is also aware of the values most of them lived by, values that owed more to popular romances and the traditions of celebrated by the storyteller to the marketplace than to Confucianism or modern Western notions. Of course there was by Confucian nationalist and revolutionary ideas that warlords tried to justify their actions; but their actions told otherwise.

Warlordism also gives Professor Sheridan an excellent lead into the politics of Chiang Kai-shek and the decade of Kuomintang rule before the Japanese war; and while Chiang was too complex a man to be categorized as just another warlord, his whole approach to power was essentially a warlord's one. Against other warlords Chiang showed himself to be a superior operator who started out with only a small army but managed to win national supremacy; but he could not defeat the far more modern organizations, methods of the Communist Party.

The first twelve years of warlordism are the subject of Hsi-sheng Ch'i's monograph, *Warlord Politics in China, 1916-1928*, an impressively detailed study of the structure and nature of warlord politics. It is a mine of information on such matters as the recruitment, financing, training and fighting tactics of the warlord armies, on the warlords themselves, and on the whole warlord system. This is an instructive work whose merits are only slightly obscured by a tendency to use political science jargon where plain English would do much better.

Professor Ch'i analyses warlord politics in terms drawn from the study of international relations which are more appropriate than a model based on the politics of a modern, cohesive nation-state. They were inherently most unstable; the scale and intensity of wars grew year by year, and although there were some conventionally accepted rules of the game — assassination of rival warlords was bad form, and defeated enemy leaders were normally decently treated — a political system so lacking in legitimacy or any other support for power except armed force could not withstand the highly trained revolutionary armies of a Kuomintang that then still inspired its officers and men with ideals for which to fight and die.

This study makes much more factual and specific the vague notions that are commonly held about warlordism, and its solid qualities outweigh its rather awkward presentation. It is a book to which any student of modern Chinese history will refer with profit.

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Looking on the subjective side

By Leszek Kolakowski

MARK POSTER :
Existential Marxism In Postwar France
From Sartre to Althusser
415pp. Princeton University Press. £10.20.

This is a story of the strange marriage (very fecund in the author's opinion, not necessarily so in other people's) of French existential philosophy with French Marxism in the late 1950s and 1960s. Not surprisingly, the tale of *Sartre's* twisted love affair with *communism* and Marxism takes up a *good deal* of the book.

Compared with George Lichtheim's *Marxism in Modern France* (1966), Mark Poster's book is somewhat heavier and less readable, but also more informative and more solid. It is philosophically rather than politically oriented, even though the author's ideological allegiances appear in it clearly enough.

The book starts with a survey of Alexandre Kojève and Jean Hyppolite's contribution to the revival of Hegelianism in France. Both tried to trace in the *Phenomenology of Mind* everything that had helped to shape the Marxian philosophy of history. Kojève stressed in particular the concept of human self-creation in labour and the slave-master relationship, Hyppolite, Hegel's description of the self-alienating and self-negating movement of consciousness which reached its maturity as a collective and not as an individual achievement. Mr Poster asserts that future hybrids of Marxism and existentialism were prepared for by Hyppolite's stress on the Hegelian man who "is not what he is", this is possible *quaestio facti*, though not *quaestio juris*; in fact the Hegelian concept of man being not what he is was of Neoplatonic origin and meant that human beings had failed so far to realize their essence — an idea entirely foreign to existential philosophy in Sartre's version in spite of some verbal similarity.

Yet in one sense the problem that exercised the policy-makers in the 1930s remains in effect the policies now and in the future. What was to be the relations between Japan and China, it was being asked in the 1930s. Forty years later that is still an unanswered question.

At last the full weight of national sentiment for China could be given expression. Yet in a few years the situation was again transformed when the new China of 1949 faced the world.

Now Britain found the power situation reversed. Another interest in China was tensely involved but needed to be handled carefully. Japan on the other hand was the defeated spectator, unwilling to step outside the containment policy adopted by the Americans after the Korean War. It was *Britain and the People's Republic of China* brings out clearly, that now had to bear the brunt of Western decision about recognizing the People's Republic.

It proved to be much more of a burden than was foreseen in late 1949, when the decision was taken to recognize in the expectation that the United States would soon follow and that a British embassy in Peking would be a useful asset meanwhile. In fact more than twenty years passed before a British ambassador was acknowledged by the Chinese, only a year indeed before President Nixon was striding jubilantly along the Great Wall to release the pent-up flood of general American sentiment for China reinforced by a left-wing younger generation.

Mr Boardman's account of British relations with China concentrates on particular points: the recognition question of 1949 and British reactions to it; the Seato treaty and the containment of China; the restrictions on trade; the Quemoy and Matsu crisis in 1954 and 1958 and British attempts at mediation in the first of these; and the final exchange of ambassadors when the Chinese renewed their contact with the world after the end of the cultural revolution and sought western European allies against the Russians.

The evidence is well compiled, but no very weighty conclusions emerge. He does not attempt to probe any deeper, to ask why, for example, a Chinese threat against South-East Asia was thought in Britain to exist and to demand the Seato treaty. It was, after all, the assumption of China's expansionist aims that convinced Kennedy that he should commit American support to South Vietnam, since China, not North Vietnam, was seen as the real threat. Now Seato is dead and the threat in Asia is tacitly admitted as never having existed.

Next we get a concise review of the literature which, in the Stalinist period of French Marxism, kept alive the "humanist" tenets of the young Marx (Lukács, Goldmann, Catholic critics), then an exposition of Sartre's early philosophy of freedom — incompatible, so the author argues, with any version of Marxism in so far as it implied that human relationships were essentially ones of insoluble conflict and were based on one person's desire to make another person his own property. The Sartrean concept of man as the constructor of his own destiny, incompatible though it was with the then standard version of Marxism, could be, and in fact would be, incorporated in an emended version, according to the author. Mr Poster recalls the communist attacks on Sartre in the 1940s and early 1950s and wants to be fair to both parties: he believes that Sartre was right to attack the Marxists' inability to grasp "the subjective side" of human life, while the Marxists were right to denouncing him as an "atomized bourgeois who regarded dependence on others as a loss of freedom".

The second part of the book purports to show that these positions merged finally in the admirable synthetic truth of existential Marxism. We owe this achievement not to Sartre alone but also to the efforts of many critical Marxists, who tried to revive the ossified doctrine by injecting it with existential concepts. In particular, the writings of the "Argumente" group and Sartre's "Critique" of 1960 are discussed in detail.

From this joint, if not quite conflict-less, effort there emerged a product which harmoniously combined the virtues of both doctrines with none of their respective flaws: existential Marxism brought together "subjectivity" and "social interaction" freedom and solidarity, spirit and body; it took over and elaborated the concept of reification which had undermined both the existential and the Marxist traditions and made it the instrument of attack on bureaucratic forms of life. And so existential Marxism became a political weapon in the hands of those who, in the 1960s, increasingly focused political issues on the anti-bureaucratic idea of workers' self-management, rather than on the traditional tenets of nineteenth-century Marxism. Mr Poster believes that May 1968, in France, not only owed many of its ideological slogans to existential Marxism, but was itself, so on event, a proof of how this philosophy had been right and call for new, direct, and un-"reified" human relationships.

Thus, the book not only tells the story of existential Marxism but also exhorts us to accept it as both a philosophical anthropology and a political ideology. Rich though it is in useful and impartial information, the book seems with the traditional Marxist clichés, which Mr Poster simply takes for granted. An example: "By celebrating the ego of the individual as the privileged realm of reality, the Cartesian regime was admirably suited to the needs of the rising bourgeois, heroically building a world market, conquering against other men, and conquering nature. . . ."

But even this overworked "rising bourgeois", a Marxist Deus ex machina who seeks to be responsible for virtually everything in European culture from Petrarch to Kant, is more fortunate than the impoverished descendant, the declining bourgeois, who, in the author's opinion, totally infected Sartre's early writings (and who, or so we gather from many other Marxist books, is entirely responsible for Hitler, Kafka and Bertrand Russell alike). Some of these clichés come close to absurdity, as in this sentence, which defies both history and common sense: "Bourgeois thought normally teetered on the edge of solipsism, defining the center of the self as an individualist, cognitive capacity in which relations with other people were always secondary. As in competitive market relations, the thought and even the existence of other persons was always problematical."

In many passages Mr Poster shows that he has assimilated completely the pretentious jargon of Sartre-Marxism. This is how he tells the story of the May 1968 events: "the students and workers retotalized the practical field in the new situation, without resorting to determinism, reductionism and irrationalism. . . . The individual in the situation pre-reflectively projected himself through the other and then from the mutuality of projects, from the existential quality of the group-in-fusion, intellectual representations of the group's consciousness emerged." What he is trying to say, at a guess, is that students did not know exactly what they wanted but were happy together and shared a feeling of brotherhood.

It is by no means certain that the subject of this book — existential Marxism — has ever existed or can ever exist. Sartre's amorphous and verbose "Critique" notwithstanding, it is certainly the case that both Sartre and some French Marxists or half-Marxists tried to integrate a number of existentialist notions with Marxist theory, but it is not obvious that they succeeded in producing a synthesis. To be sure, the word "existentialism" has no commonly accepted definition, but in this case we may be satisfied with its Sartrean variant; and it is arguable that whatever remained from Sartre's early philosophy in "existential Marxism" was not specifically existentialist at all. What was specifically existentialist, like the concept of the self as a pure negativity, or of a "temporality" generated entirely by the self, could not possibly be incorporated into any variant of Marxism unless one or other of these terms (existentialism or Marxism) was first emptied of its historically defined meaning. To the critics who (like Raymond Aron) have argued for the incompatibility of these two philosophical proposals the author replies: "These critics pre-supposed that thought had to be a single, unified system without internal contradictions, fissures, gaps or breaches." To which one may reply that once we have so much revolutionary courage as not to be afraid of contradictions, we are certainly capable of combining everything with everything, and do not even need to prove that this or that specific combination is possible.

Sartre's philosophy certainly played an important role in shaping the minds of those who, in the early post-Stalinist period, tried to raise Marxism from its torpor and primitivism. Yet among those who did so try in the late 1950s, whether in France or elsewhere, very few could now be called Marxists in any recognizable sense. "Existential Marxism" seems to have been a transitory formation, rather than a living, promising trend. To confess allegiance to it today is rather like saying that one wants, in the late 1970s, to be a Finnish ex-communist of the late 1950s.

It would be unfair, however, to judge this book by its author's own ideological commitments. It provides us with a reliable, substantial and scrupulous picture of a historical phenomenon well worth study and which only a few people can afford to study thoroughly from the primary sources.

Too deep for words

By W. H. Walsh

HANS-GEORG GADAMER :
Hegel's Dialectic
Five Hermeneutical Studies
Translated and with an Introduction by P. Christopher Smith
148pp. Yale University Press. £6.

Hans-Georg Gadamer is among the best known of German academic philosophers, but no substantial work of his has hitherto appeared in English translation. *Hegel's Dialectic* contains five of his recent studies, selected as examples of the author's "hermeneutical" method. The first discusses the relationship between Hegel's dialectic and the dialectic of the ancients; the next two explicate particular passages in the *Phenomenology*; the fourth is an exposition and critique of Hegel's conception of logic; the fifth a disquisition on Hegel and Heidegger, a philosopher who has influenced thought in Germany in a way much as did Hegel in his own time. Gadamer in his first essay was the first to discover a truly speculative" Platonic dialogue, the *Sophist*, *Parmenides* or *Philebus*. That he should have been attracted to the *Parmenides* lies in it an anticipation of his view of thinking is not surprising when he *sought to argue* that in the *Sophist* so-called "absolute contradictions" have a "hidden content", i.e. infect reality, and his case on a simple understanding of the text. Plato's view that when someone says "this is different, one must mean sense and what respect", Gadamer charitably puts it, "refuses to listen", dismissing attempts to avoid contradiction on lines like these as unacceptable palliatives.

But, though Hegel was thus "mistaken about specifics", it can be argued that he understood Plato's general position correctly. Plato's major achievement was "to have elevated the abstract Eleatic opposition of being and nonbeing to the speculative relationship of "is" and "is not"", again, he had "insight into the inevitable bewilderment which results from all utterances", especially philosophical utterances, and so must sympathize with a programme "of making fixed determinations of thought fluid". Plato was not exactly a Hegelian before his time, nor was Aristotle, yet Hegel's way of taking them was not so much misunderstanding as a progressive understanding which always and necessarily implies a process of building what is understood into his own thought". As Gadamer remarks, such a defence is not confined to Hegel. It is surprising, even so, to see so sharp and well-informed a commentator treating his subject with such indulgence, for it could be argued that Hegel misconceived the whole standpoint of Greek philosophy in reading his concept of self-active spirit into its texts. What, after all, is the Greek for "spirit"?

A further way in which Hegel drew on the Greeks, according to Gadamer, was in the sphere of language. Like the early Greeks he relied heavily on the resources of his own native language; one sense of his major achievements was to have broken through the largely foreign terminology in which his predecessors conducted their deliberations. The roots of his philosophy lay "in his native tongue, the wisdom of its sayings and its plays on words". Gadamer insists in this connection on the affinities between Hegel and Heidegger, despite Heidegger's description of Hegel as "the most radical of the Greeks". But he adds that there are times when Hegel "fails to listen to himself" and "forces that which the language suggests and reveals as the deeper insight, into the methodologically rigorous form of the developing dialectic". Hegel was, after all, pledged to a form of "the Greek logos philosophy"; his claim was that dialectical logic can make explicit the true thought that underlies language. Against that Gadamer wants to say, with Heidegger, that language conceals thought in the very act of expressing it, and thus that the project for a logic after the Hegelian manner is in principle doomed to fail.

As this brief account should show, Gadamer is learned, wide-ranging, provocative, deep, as well as dense to expression and difficult to follow. His bland assumption, hardly argued at all, that the truth of things is to be found in Hegel, Heidegger and the speculative riches of the German language will not commend him to all readers, nor will his dedicatory attitude to formal logic, despite a suggestion that his view here was stated by Aristotle. On matters like these, and indeed on the whole course of development in twentieth-century philosophy which he lumps under the title "positivism", Gadamer hardly seems, on this evidence, qualified to pronounce. His book could be read with profit by philosophers in this country, but will mainly serve to reveal how wide is the gulf between how we do it here and how they do it there.

Strictly unnecessary

By John Sturrock

GEORGES BATAILLE :
Oeuvres complètes
Volume 7
619pp. Paris: Gallimard. 92fr.

The chief pleasure of Volume 7 of Georges Bataille's *Oeuvres complètes* is his surprising "Essai d'économie générale", *La part maudite*, which was first published in 1949 and memorializes a good many as any of his more distinctive ideas. "Générale" is right, this is the most inter-galactic of all Bataille's speculations, an essay in support of luxury, conspicuous waste and a cosmos with far more energy than it needs simply to survive. Bataille was fascinated by excess and by how different societies in the past and present have set about relieving themselves of their vital surplus. He chose to identify the superfluous with the sacred, if only, one often gets the feeling, because it is the inclination of the abhorrent bourgeois to do the opposite, to look on waste as sinful and on endless accumulation as the supreme good.

The real hero of *La part maudite* is the Sun, which dispenses its heat without hope of requital. This thermal largesse puts it in a different class, ethically, from all we grubbing calculists, prospering in its rays, who hate the idea of spending anything, be it strength or money, without some prospect of a return. Bataille, inspired early on, like other French writers of his generation, by what the anthropologist Marcel Mauss has to say about the North Amarindian potlatch in his *Essai sur le don*, was strongly in favour of what he calls "la dilapidation généreuse", an any exuberant wastage of resources which comes as an insult to the prevalent utilitarianism (he would probably be celebrating the Concorde if he were still alive today).

The virtue of waste is to restore a lost "intimacy" to individual and collective life, an anxious but ultimately bracing state which we can never enjoy so long as we treat one another coldly and distantly as things. Bataille, nothing if not Nietzschean, sees all of us as frustrated laughers, dancers and makers of whoopee, and fancies that if we organized our societies less costively we might go laughing and dancing, in beautiful anguish, all the way to the grave.

Some people, however, faced with the alternative societies which Bataille has mostly in mind, may prefer the comforts of thinghood to the thrills of their lost intimacy. For in his more lucidly Bataille returns again to his cross-cultural section, the Aztecs, those great spendthrifts of human life. According to Bataille the victims of Aztec human sacrifice are more to be envied than regretted, because the obsidian knife, as it fell, mysteriously restored them to the full innardness and humanity which they could never have hoped for had they remained merely as cogs in the social machine.

The literary left in France is still very fond of Bataille, perhaps because he is so perfectly and guiltlessly impractical. But as this collected edition accumulates (and would Bataille himself have filed this idea or not?), the sameness of his books, and their lack of most of the literary grace, begin to work against him. Apart from the canonical and other texts of *La part maudite*, this seventh volume contains the title and repetitive *Théorie de la religion* (first published in 1974) and the transcripts of a number of lectures given by Bataille in 1947-48, on Sade, Surrealism and religion again.

Altogether she was a remarkable woman of whom, thanks to the diligence of Messrs. Chapple and Pollard one can form an exceptionally clear and detailed picture.' So wrote Malcolm Muggeridge in the *Observer* when *The Letters of Mrs Gaskell* (Manchester, 1967) appeared. Ten years later the book still commands great interest: Margaret Lane in *The Daily Telegraph* drawe readers' attention to Mrs Gaskell's 'irrefutable letters . . . the huge Chapple and Pollard edition which appeared ten years ago and revealed her as one of the most delightful women of all time'. A collection of all the letters available written by Elizabeth Gaskell between 1832 and 1865 and arranged chronologically, the book extends some 1,000 pages. For from being a formal letter writer, Mrs Gaskell's pen flowed with a spontaneity of style that makes delightful reading: her subjects range from day-to-day family affairs to literature, travel abroad, current events and progress on her own novels, and apart from family and publisher, among her correspondents were some of the leading literary figures of the day — Elizabeth Barrett Browning, for example, John Ruskin and Leigh Hunt. Letters concerning her friendship with Charlotte Brontë are especially illuminating. The editors provide a full introduction, and appendices give biographical sketches of many of the contemporaries to whom she wrote.

"THE LETTERS OF MRS GASKELL Edited by J. A. V. Chapple and Arthur Pollard
£9.00 net
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS

TLS Commentary

Dancing in the drizzle

Robert Benchley once concocted a grand opera which numbered among its wondrous characters Schmaltz, God of Slight Drizzle. *A Chorus Line* has been praised more highly than any musical since *My Fair Lady*; it has won every major theatrical award America can bestow; audiences scream, finding it not merely entertaining but a Meaningful Experience. I happily acknowledge the brilliance of the staging and lighting, but so far as I am concerned Schmaltz, God of Slight Drizzle hangs over the evening, standing between the play and the greatness it so clearly hates other.

The form of *A Chorus Line* is highly effective: an audition for the chorus line of a Broadway musical. In the opening number, twenty-six people are put through their initial paces by the choreographer and his assistant. The first phase is survived by seventeen dancers, from whom eight will eventually be selected. One of the musical's intentions is to demonstrate the brutality of show business and the opening number suggests that the creators have chosen a semi-documentary style. This notion is almost immediately undercut by the introduction of an implausible gimmick: the director/choreographer has decided that, because some of the chorus will have to be given small speaking parts he must get to know each of them intimately. And thus it turns out that this is not only to be an audition but a group therapy session as well with the choreographer disappearing from the stage to become an (awfully portentous) disembodied voice: God, father confessor, analyst.

For a while dazzle keeps doubts at bay. Mike sings an honest rinky-tink tap tune to explain how he became a dancer by imitating his sister; Bobby is wonderfully funny about his unhappy childhood in Buffalo ("I'd usell to break into people's houses. . . . I didn't steal anything, I just rearranged the furniture. . . . I thought about committing suicide until I realized that committing suicide in Buffalo would be redundant"); the monologues are punctuated by breathtaking changes in lighting as some of the other finalists sing their thoughts. Then Michael Bennett—the musical's conceiver, choreographer and director—arranges one of its great visual coups. Sheila sings of her unhappy childhood (a major *Chorus Line*, not to say American, theme) and how she was saved by escaping into ballet. As she sings, the seemingly solid back wall is shown to be made of six panels which revolve bringing mirrored surfaces into view and transforming the back of the stage into a vast reflecting surface. Suddenly we are plunged into the middle of a ballet class. The switch is so impressive that for a while you ignore the fact that the details of Sheila's childhood are pretty banal—as are the childhoods of Bebe and Maggie whose stories join hers (their parents did not love them enough).

Up to midpoint, *A Chorus Line* offers more originality than mediocrity, but after a montage of disconnected adolescent wellings orchestrated with genius ("Hello Twelve, Hello Thirteen, Hello Love") the balance shifts. [illegible] Puerto [illegible] we [illegible] Kelly [illegible] Paul [illegible] turns out to be not a [illegible] but to Nothing, they are a sloppy mixture of out-of-date satire (directed against the Method), heightened sentimentality ("And a voice right from a million years ago in my soul told this man it's indirect"), ugly phrasing ("and I assure you that's what finally came at bess") and Monologful Twist (Diana Morgan Carp has died and reaches down to the bosom of her soul as he always urged her to and she cries—because she feels nothing).

One of the finalists turns out to be the (fictional) director's former partner. In fact, his name is Zach, here is Cassie: unless that are pure soap opera as is everything about their relationship ("You were headed for the top, Zach, and you wanted me right up there with you"). Michael Bennett created a dance here for Donna McKechnie (the first Cassie) to make her a star and no one else seems capable of dancing it—but this show is meant to be anti-star. Paul delivers a long, teary monologue about his homosexuality in *Boys in the Band* style. Zach asks the "kids" what they'll do when they can't dance anymore.

This triggers off a seemingly endless batch of predictable answers (almost everyone comes down on the side of "if you want security don't go into showbiz") that turns out to be the longest song cue in history, for a would-be single ("What I Did For Love"), which is officially about why people choose to dance but out of context can be understood to be about lovers (and has been recorded by Perula Clark among others).

After the final eight have been chosen the entire cast returns in silvery, satiny, top-hats and aults to sing a *Hello, Dollyish* number from the show for which they were ostensibly auditioning. This, Michael Bennett has said, is intended to show the dehumanization of the individual. But the cheering audience takes this number absolutely at face value. This, it seems to me, sums up *A Chorus Line*: it sets out to comment on Broadway, but its heart and mind are firmly rooted in Broadway's oldest, schmaltziest clichés.

Howard Schuman

From Padua to Penge

"Shakespeare and Lope de Vega are responsible, to a certain point, for cinematography." So said James Joyce in his examination essay on the universal literary influence of the Renaissance, at Padua University in 1912. The Renaissance, he wrote, "put the journalist in the monk's chair"; on acute, limited and superficial mentality was replaced by a mentality that was "facile and wide-ranging", and which after three centuries has degenerated into "frenetic sensationalism".

We might say indeed that modern man has on epidermis rather than a soul. . . . We lack moral sense and, perhaps also, strength of imagination. The most characteristic literary works we possess are simply amoral.

In support of this Joyce cited oddly, and as he conceded, rather at random, *The Crisis* of Marco Pinga, Maotorlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Anrole France's *Crainquebille* and Turgenev's *Smoke*. At least he showed his examiners that his reading, like the post-Renaissance mentality, was wide-ranging. The sensation-seeking journalist is partially rehabilitated at the end of the essay: for the Renaissance created in man and in art, wrote Joyce, a sense of compassion: "In this at least we surpass the ancients: in this the ordinary journalist is greater than the theologian."

[illegible] Penge.

Colophons of the Golden Cockerel Press, by (in descending order) David Jones (1928), John Buckland Wright (1947), John Farleigh (1928), Rhenda Morgan (1957), and again John Farleigh (also 1928) from Cocks-Hoop, *the fourth volume of the present bibliography, covering the years 1964-74. (Lion-Hill, 50 illustrations, Private Libraries Association, Knutsford, 36th Year, New Road, Finley, Middlesex, £35 (for 300 copies) and £42.50 (deluxe copies).*

Bookman's holiday

There are people who just read books. Then there are assorted bibliophiles, booklovers and bookmen. Claude France stands (or falls) proudly among the last and *The Laughing Philosopher* (282pp. Villiers. £4.50) is dedicated to "bookmen, a vanishing race" and quotes with approval W. Teignmouth Shore's yearning for a club "to which no mere authors or publishers shall be admitted". Elsewhere he writes of "J. Roger Rees, that perfect bookman"; Augustine Birrell, Andrew Lang, and Richard Gornett are among his heroes, and Peacock is admired more for his antiquarian erudition than his satirical portraits of contemporaries. Critical evaluation and pride of possession blend inextricably: "all these contain fine prose and I have first editions of all of them".

He displays also the engaging optimism of his breed: his copy of Serle's *Home Solitudes* may well be Edward Thomas's own, on the grounds that the bookseller from whom he bought it also had books that had belonged to a friend of Edward Thomas. There are essays entitled "On being parted from one's books", "On re-arranging one's books" which are very precise about pagination and self-consciously vogue about the rest of the world; his collection "lies in store in a great city until I can re-house it on a Mediterranean island". Endogamy reaches its climax with a piece on past contributors to *The Bookman*.

Apart from all this frank bookmanism there are usefully informative pieces on the fierely idiosyncratic James Lackington, proprietor of the gigantic Temple of the Muses in Finsbury Square, "the cheapest booksellers in the world", which flew a flag from its dome when the master was in residence (don't rush, it burnt down in 1840). Lackington was a pioneer of the modern remainder: before his time, booksellers destroyed most of the publisher's unsold stock and sold the rest at near full price. It is pleasant, too, to read about Edward Capern, the postman poet of Bideford; "the mouth of the river Torridge . . . would not normally have been on Capern's postal route to Buckland Brewer". There are several short articles on Charles Lamb, his chief idol, on E. V. Lucas, on Thomas Hood (the bookseller) and on *The Retrospective Review*.

Appendixes give full descriptions of editions of Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods*, and a bibliography of Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne* that is considerably easier to use than Martin's, though less clear on reissues of the major editions and inexplicably omits several editions between 1906 and 1929. Mr France closes with a posy of quotations in praise of their own libraries by a group that includes Learned, Scollard and Bellard: it is a modestly useful and endearing book, especially appealing to those whose chief pleasure is in reading books by those who like books about authors of books about books.

Fifty years on . . .

In the TLS of August 12, 1926, Lewis Namier reviewed the memoirs of the Austrian Field-Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorf:

This is the fifth volume of the memoirs of Field-Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorf, and probably the last, as he died on August 25, 1925, in his seventy-third year. Considering the scale of his work, to finish it he would have had to live another twenty years and to fill another fifteen volumes (not counting mere supplements). The present instalment, comprising 1,000 large pages of text and some forty maps in a separate case, covers but the three concluding months of 1914. Seeing, on the other hand, the way in which his work is done, it might almost equally well be continued by somebody else, if the publishers are prepared to continue it. What Conrad has given us in his memoirs, and especially in the last volume, is a vast compilation of notes and documents, dumped down en masses, uncemented by a reasoned analysis, and therefore not suited for the ordinary reader, and not even for the military expert, unless he specializes on this very subject. . . .

This, one might have thought, would impart to such a scheme to the work; but it does not—he lived and died unchanged in mind and unshaken in conceit. His comments, wherever they occur, take mostly the character of nagging accusations and are practically of no value, except as showing his narrow, bitter, unteachable mind; but it is this spiritual poverty and blindness which makes him truthful almost beyond anything which a writer of self-centered person could attain. Never has a man responsible for a war drawn up such an indictment against himself as Conrad in his memoirs; seldom has an unsuccessful general admitted so much as he has in the fourth and fifth volumes, but then never was any man more firmly convinced to the very end that no blame could possibly attach to his own person.

According to him, the Germans were responsible for the Austrian military disasters. "We were fooled by the Germans, in diplomatic as well as in military matters," is his thesis. The Germans did not finish with France in the time they had expected, and at the very outset, because of Italy's neutrality, had not been able to send as many divisions to the Russian front as had originally been planned; and Hindenburg, with the very scant forces under his command, which that Prussia most [illegible] victories over armies (several times more numerous than his own, instead of marching where Conrad wanted him, but where he would have had none of the advantages which enabled him to win them. . . .

What probably annoyed [Conrad] most was the way in which some Vienna circles extolled the Germans, often beyond their real merit, and fronted their own armies with a cynical, self-deprecating resignation, which lacked dignity, though not some justification. The chief of the Emperor's Military Cabinet, Baron von Bolfras, wrote to Conrad on October 14, 1914:—"I have by now submitted to His Majesty some 1,600 recommendations for decorations, and in doing so have observed some rather characteristic things. Much good will and smartness is mentioned—much stopping of *panics*—frequent gathering in of scattered troops—holding out in difficult positions—defence and saving of A.S.C. transports, &c." Or, again, on October 18:—"This events of this war show how little *flair* we had in choosing our generals and also our regimental commanders." It hardly needs saying that it was Conrad and not Bolfras who was primarily responsible for the choice.

Palmtone

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The canon of the classical

By Peter Levi

MARTIN ROBERTSON:
A History of Greek Art
Two volumes, 835pp and 192pp of illustrations. Cambridge University Press. £25 the set.

There are different kinds of scholars of Greek art, and in the course of centuries the subject has suffered sea-changes. There have been connoisseurs, legislators of taste, archaeologists, analysts of different kinds, art-historians, social and political historians, learned amateurs and genuine poets. Martin Robertson's book is remarkable and unique, being compound of all these elements. He is possibly the greatest and closest pupil of Sir John Beazley, whose papers he edited, and he wrote some years ago so inspiring and sensitive study of Greek painting, most of which he now classifies among minor arts; more recently he was responsible for an important new publication of the Parthenon frieze, but that was not a massive study; in fact until now he has published relatively little of his own matured thing. Here we have them in full detail, with a mass of learned references and minute scholarly argument relegated to 164 huge pages of small print in his second volume. The reasons which will appear, I have combed through the details of this vast enterprise for weeks on end; there are many points whose detailed discussion might modify so emphatic, but so far as I could discover only one arguable inaccuracy so trivial to mention. Whatever else this book may be, it is at least the fullest and most authoritative study of the whole of Greek art that exists.

Late-sixth century marble grave relief from Athens.

After years now in which, apart from learned monographs, there were only didactic handbooks and popular essays, we had almost lost the appetite for anything so meditated, and so thoroughly and finely balanced, as this prolonged, reflective treatment. Indeed it raises, so great and individual scholarly works often do, the question whether the ultimate flower of scholarship is not rather a scholar than a book. The history of a study on such a scale is not constant flashes of illumination, or even on one another, creating something more constant, and not when they are read and digested as they need to be over the same time-scale of a reader's attention, the central judgements of the whole work impose themselves and are themselves. This is an exciting and a rewarding process. It is worth every penny of the cost and every hour of the concentration.

There are some disadvantages too. There are something over 400 illustrations, all of them except the very splendid cover pictures in black and white; unfortunately these are not nearly enough of them and technically they are not always impressive. No doubt those readers who are specialists or who have a taste for Greek art already will have other photographs of their own and the other rambling and awkward word, because neither is precisely, perfectly classic, and every student and lover of Greek art has a sticking-point somewhere, but in spite of a new attempt I am not able to see the Erechtheion and the Hera with undeveloped eyes. My own sticking-point, I regret to admit, is the Mausoleum, which seems to me to be all problems and fragments and in the end an object I would not like in my garden.

That is an unfair prejudice, and it is true that recent scholarship has been successful in showing its beauties, in recovering how pieces, and in sorting out attributions among its four famous sculptors. Professor Robertson's treatment of the problem is a test to my mind generally. This is a test case, because nowhere is the evidence for attribution more complicated or subtler, and the result is important since many other fourth-century problems depend on it. But even with the Erechtheion, where the criteria of useful discussion are fewer, he adds a new interest to the Caryatids, by suggesting that their balcony may well have been a sacred stage for the final ceremony of the Panathenaic procession, when the new robe was given to the goddess. The whole work is full of ideas. The Greek sculptors were very clearly quite close to its origins. There is a freshness and formality like that of a new apple that has just been cut in half. In this analogy the fifth century is the apple season, and in the Hellenistic period there are abundant and amazing strains of sweet and sharp apples of a hectic colour, but with some sense of a closing season. After a long list of inventions that includes perspective, chiaroscuro, flower-pointing and the frescoed walls of houses, the last great achievement is the portrait bust, which ripened fully only in Greek Afghanistan and republican Rome. There must be a reason which escapes me, but which I assume to be social and economic, why this alone among the branches of ancient art has been quite successfully revived and rivalled during the long dream-period of Neoclassicism. The bust of Kant in the Neoclassic exhibition in London a few years ago had the same dramatic freshness and individuality as even the most astonishing of ancient portraits, which survives, warts and all, in an imperial copy in the Villa Albani, the head of Euthydemus of Bactria wearing a solar topee.

The seven centuries of the history of Greek art can be more deeply understood as the working out of tensions and contradictions inherited from one generation to the next than they can be by any evolutionary model. Even at the beginning there is "the reimposition of Geometric discipline on a new realization of nature; and it is the tension between an ever-growing interest in natural forms and a stubborn sense of the decorative pattern proper to a work of art that gives Greek art its particular character, not only in the archaic period". One might add that even in very late copies, in a pair of bronze feet standing on a palmette from a Roman jug-handle in Hereford, or a Roman pipe-clay statuette of a mother-goddess in Norwich Castle Museum, both of which can be traced to 4th-century Greek originals, what survives and revives is just the excitement of that rigorous organization of natural forms on which Greek art was founded.

The great interest of this study depends specially on its profound and fine treatment of the periods of crisis and transition, from archaic to classical art for example, and then into the last abundant flowering of Hellenistic forms. R. M. Cook has already characterized the Hellenistic chapter as "the most lucid account of the subject in English", and so it is, but to understand the tensions in sculptural convention which were then being worked out one must have mastered the all-important crisis in the beginning of the fifth century. The wish to express three-dimensional action, for example, in two-dimensional low relief, so affected the conventions of sculpture that, predetermined other changes; given time, the emergence of three-dimensional action groups in high relief was in a sense inevitable. The seeds of a later art then sleep in the conventions of sculpture for a hundred years and more, just as the seeds of a later poetry will sometimes sleep in the conventions of poems. In the fifth-century crisis one can be more specific, slow visual forms echo one another more demonstrably than forms of words. Professor Robertson's solution is surely right; he deals with the moment of change, when tiny archaic art was already poised for a flight, first in terms of the revolution in painting, particularly through a penetrating and most helpful study of the lost work of Polygnotos. Few modern scholars have realized how much it was possible to know about Polygnotos, and no one has ever taught us so much about the details of his treatment of the great central scenes of Greek mythology and art, the Underworld and the fall of Troy.

The time point of alteration from dawn to daylight (of the classical) comes between the last paintings of Polygnotos at Delphi and the lost sculptures of Pheidias at Olympia and at Athens. I do not mean to suggest that between dawn and daylight one is more delightful than the other, although personally I am unable to prefer even the Parthenon with all its marbles to everything that preceded it. The two greatest

(there are full references of course in the learned notes, to whatever is not illustrated), or they may prefer to hope, as I do, to spend a few years hunting down the obscurer originals where they lurk in Chalons-sur-Saône or in Chicago. It is some consolation that very few Greek works of art with any claim to greatness and comparative importance escape discussion. Perverse as it may seem, I was pleased that I thought there were one or two; the subject after all must retain some hidden growing-points, even if they are among the minor arts.

But this is not the final word on Greek art or on particular artists. Its suggestions are sober and immensely well considered, and what is most impressive is their coherence; but the conversation often remains open. About twice I found myself in serious disagreement, once about the big head of Hare at Olympia, to which I am more devoted every time I see it, though not from the precise viewpoint of the photograph supplied, and once about the Erechtheion, which at least in its ruins seems to me a work of enchanting and cellka strength and beauty. It is possible to imagine why someone might think the one cavelike and awkward and the other rambling and awkward, because neither is precisely, perfectly classic, and every student and lover of Greek art has a sticking-point somewhere, but in spite of a new attempt I am not able to see the Erechtheion and the Hera with undeveloped eyes. My own sticking-point, I regret to admit, is the Mausoleum, which seems to me to be all problems and fragments and in the end an object I would not like in my garden.

That is an unfair prejudice, and it is true that recent scholarship has been successful in showing its beauties, in recovering how pieces, and in sorting out attributions among its four famous sculptors. Professor Robertson's treatment of the problem is a test to my mind generally. This is a test case, because nowhere is the evidence for attribution more complicated or subtler, and the result is important since many other fourth-century problems depend on it. But even with the Erechtheion, where the criteria of useful discussion are fewer, he adds a new interest to the Caryatids, by suggesting that their balcony may well have been a sacred stage for the final ceremony of the Panathenaic procession, when the new robe was given to the goddess. The whole work is full of ideas. The Greek sculptors were very clearly quite close to its origins. There is a freshness and formality like that of a new apple that has just been cut in half. In this analogy the fifth century is the apple season, and in the Hellenistic period there are abundant and amazing strains of sweet and sharp apples of a hectic colour, but with some sense of a closing season. After a long list of inventions that includes perspective, chiaroscuro, flower-pointing and the frescoed walls of houses, the last great achievement is the portrait bust, which ripened fully only in Greek Afghanistan and republican Rome. There must be a reason which eludes me, but which I assume to be social and economic, why this alone among the branches of ancient art has been quite successfully revived and rivalled during the long dream-period of Neoclassicism. The bust of Kant in the Neoclassic exhibition in London a few years ago had the same dramatic freshness and individuality as even the most astonishing of ancient portraits, which survives, warts and all, in an imperial copy in the Villa Albani, the head of Euthydemus of Bactria wearing a solar topee.

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It is interesting to observe how the study proceeds. There is a perpetual consciousness of history and its issues, including the great issues of slavery, democracy, commerce and defeat in war. There is a full remembrance of ancient poetry, particularly tragedy and its influence on the visual arts. I would have liked to hear more about Pindar, but his witness is problematic I suppose. The basic method of this book is the very exact description of a given work, which was also the method of Beazley. At this stage words are most carefully chosen and the tone they take on is the beginning of an aesthetic commentary. Analogies are suggested, but only for precise reasons, the smoothness of a body or the management of a detail. Discussion of the Hermes attributed to Praxiteles is adverse and cumulative, but at the same time sober and just; it is a model of the application of aesthetic and other criteria together to an ancient work. So is the treatment of the Laocoon.

But the freshest and most unusual talent that makes an ordinary-looking procedure memorable and subtle in this case is a power, which is never overused, of exactly relevant quotation from English or Italian or French poetry: once again a question of tone, and an even more powerful familiarity with nicely analogous problems in the arts of the Renaissance and of modern times. Every history of Greek art sits on a shelf top of Winckelmann, though few books have ever been as truly kings of that unruly castle as this one is. I do not know whether the serious, free, individual study of the Greek arts has given the book its quality of humanity, or whether it is some tang in the air of scholarship that gives the arts a sharper taste. Either way, we are hardly at the beginning of the subject. Other generations may in their way have entered deeper into it than we have, but only when Neoclassicism was dead, when travelling was easier, photography and library better developed, and archaeology scientific, so that is, only in Professor Robertson's generation, could so full and powerful a study as this one have been written.

Some of the strongest pages come early, with the beginnings of sculpture in seventh-century temples, and there is become Greek visual art, shown its characteristic qualities, a shown its characteristic qualities, a [illegible] of shapes and "that intuitional or precise form which is at stereuco as precise form which is at the heart of the Greek aesthetic"

Holiday Reading

STEPHEN BECKER
The Chinese Bandit
'Voluble, bawdy, zestful . . . the narrative never lets up' T. C. Worsley, *Financial Times*
320pp. £3.50

DAVID MORRELL
Testament
'The terrors of David Morrell's *Testament* are as insistent as a scream on a still night . . . a brilliantly told story' *Francis King, Sunday Telegraph*
288pp £3.75

JOHN HAWKES
Travesty
'Explosive writing, extraordinarily vivid, lucid, functional and suggestive' *Isabel Quigley, Financial Times*
128pp. £3.00

LAURIE COLWIN
Shine On, Bright and Dangerous Object
'The best first novel I have run across for years' *Jill Neville, Sunday Times*
192pp. £3.50

SANDRA JOBSON DARROCH OTTOLINE
The Life of Lady Ottoline Morrell
'A good, fair biography of a unique woman' *P. J. Kavanagh, Guardian*
320pp. Illustrated £6.00

MICHAEL J. ARLEN
Passage to Ararat
A moving account of one man's search for a forgotten people. 'This is a complex book: exciting, informative, upsetting' *Francis Wyndham, Sunday Times*
304pp. £5.50

RONALD HAMILTON
A Holiday History of Scotland
'Snappy, incisive, thoroughly fog-dispelling' *Sunday Telegraph*
223pp. £3.00

Chatto & Windus

works of Pheidias, the Zeus at Olympia and the Parthenos, are as unrecovered as the originals of Polygnotus, although something of the overwhelming presence of the Zeus has survived on the coinage of Elis, and we come very close to Pheidias in the Parthenon frieze. His shadow, like that of Polygnotus, falls on many original works by lesser masters that have survived, at least as effectively as it does on later imitations of the missing masterpieces. But the outstanding impression that remains when a reader, however well experienced he may be, has wound his way along every path of this book, is not how little but how much of the evidence and the history of Greek art have been recovered, and how much of that much is of very high quality.

Year by year, new works take their place in the canon; the boy in mid-air diving and the banqueters painted on the stones of a grave at Paestum came to light only a few years ago, the famous Piraeus bronzes were dug up only in 1959, the Lefkandi centaur in 1969, the kouros and kore from Markopoulo in 1972. Earlier generations than ours had far less in quantity and fewer, until living memory almost incomparably fewer, of the earliest originals of ancient art. This is for least one reason for the trend among recent scholars to push back the centre of their interest earlier and earlier. It used to be possible and not uncommon to believe in a one unique and classical age as the divinely revealed religion, and given these two in a single proper system of education. The breakdown of that view has made Greek art-history a more interesting subject. The understanding of ancient art is not independent of detailed studies of attribution or of comparative chronology, but it is more open than it used to be. One of the virtues of Professor Robertson's reflective and at times crab-like progression from detail to detail is that it mirrors the shifting balance of the subject, and of generations of artists in their own time-scales.

To be arrested by a throwaway phrase like "the touch of Thorwaldsen's cold hand", or the pokar-faced remark that colossal sphinxes are "hardly rare in Greek art" is perhaps no more than the tribute of an undisciplined attention to a wise lecturer. Whole sections and chapters need rereading. There are moments of annoyance, but in the rereading they disappear. Descriptions are evocative, definitions are fine and strong, but the point of it all is the gentle insinuation of a new way of looking at each individual work of art. A teacher with this purpose will not be afraid on occasion to speak of "extreme simplicity and deep emotion, though how the emotion is conveyed it is difficult to say. It is hardly in the faces, certainly not in the faces alone but somehow in the whole." He is speaking of a funeral vase, and has in fact conveyed subtly and cumulatively in two paragraphs, as far as it can be conveyed, how this kind of painting works.

Every scholar of ancient art worthy of the name learns to hate the wrong kind of rhetoric. Professor Robertson complains icily about Pliny's attempt to summon up a statue of the river Eurotas we no longer possess, by merely calling it "more liquid than the river itself". His own method is concrete and precise. "We saw that the completion of work on the Parthenon left marble-carvers on the market; it also left a public educated to appreciate their craft. The shock must at the coppersmiths have been stunning, and soon [illegible] of course [illegible] strong in Boeotia and stood behind the shadowless royal portraits of the first Ptolemies. Behind them Adwetor, and behind Gothic, was the chiaroscuro of antiquity, which medieval art at its most linear never achively rejected." Behind Greek artists was the purely Minoan tradition; their advance into the shadows was a voyage of absolute discovery.

These are passages of more general judgment, and none the worse for that. Particular contributions to the analysis of individual works are as exciting and assured. The generation of scholars who will be formed by this book is a happy one, since any other survey at once so level and so personal seems as unlikely in the future as it was impossible in the past.

To the Editor

Books in the Soviet Union

Sir,—In a letter published by you on July 23, S. D. Fowler drew your readers' attention to the article by Margaret Johnson and Ann Vinograde in *Index on Censorship* about a Soviet translation of Heinrich Böll's novel *Gruppenbild mit Dame* in which, as he put it, ideological and other changes "make a mockery of the original narrative and characterization". Interestingly enough, another article about that translation, written quite independently and published almost simultaneously, appeared in the Spring issue of *The University of Dayton Review* (Volume 12, No 2, pages 51-56). Entitled "The Soviet Version of Heinrich Böll's *Gruppenbild mit Dame*: The Translator as Censor", it was written by an American Germanist (Ilseey Glade) in collaboration with Konstantin Bogatyrev, a Soviet Russian translator of German poetry, particularly well known for his translations of Rilke.

Soon after the publication of the article, on April 26, the fifty-one-year-old Bogatyrev was brutally attacked by unknown persons outside the entrance to his apartment in Moscow. Found unconscious in a pool of blood, with his skull broken by some heavy metal object, he was transferred to a hospital, where he remained, most of the time without regaining consciousness, until June 17 when he died. He was buried in Peredelkino, not far from the grave of Boris Pasternak who had known him well and valued him both as a man and as a translator of German poetry. The funeral was attended by the Sakharovs, whose friend he was, and by such well-kooown "dissident" writers as Vladimir Voynovich and Lydia Chukovskaya on whose behalf he had actively campaigned when they were expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers. Bogatyrev himself, who was the son of a well-known folklore scholar Peter Bogatyrev (1893-1971), had spent several years in a concentration camp in the 1950s. The story of his arrest and sentence was told by a German friend of his in *Die Zeit* for July 2, 1976. His friends in Moscow have no doubt that the attack on him, which had such a tragic outcome, was organized by the KGB. There were no signs of robbery: his wallet and the two bottles of wine he had just bought on the way home were left untouched.

GLEB STRUVE.
University of California, Berkeley, California.

'Anna'

Sir,—In *Anna*, the fictionalized case-history "of a woman who develops a severe psychosis and is nursed at home by her husband" the patient "runs away from the house and ends up in a mental institution. The hospital refuses to keep her unless she is given electric convulsion therapy. . . ." In Caroline Blackwood's review (July 30), from which I have quoted, she comments "it seems appalling that the current medical system should give neither patient nor relations any options in regard to ECT." To me it seems appalling that a travesty of the facts should be current in an informed journal. . . . In Carolines [illegible] operations, and its effectiveness is comparable.

It is unhappily true that safeguards are very necessary to protect the rights and preserve the liberties (including options) of psychiatrically ill people. The pursuit of this purpose is hindered by the kind of wild misstatement published by your reviewer: it fosters the fear accompanying so much psychiatric illness and undermines confidence in those professionally qualified to advise and to treat it.

DAVID C. WATT.
St John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire HP17 8PP.

Pound's 'Cantos'

Sir,—Messrs Faber and Faber have recently brought out a new and enlarged edition of Ezra Pound's *Cantos*, conveniently bringing together all the separate volumes of the work, including the final *Drafts and Fragments*. But the work is still not complete; in this edition, as in previous ones, Cantos 72 and 73 are missing. Those are the Cantos that fall between *Cantos LII-LXXI* and *The Pisan Cantos*. I should like to know either from Faber or from the world of Pound scholarship, if and when this gap will ever be filled. I believe that these Cantos were written in Italian, during the Second World War, in Italy. It has been suggested that they are lost, but I have also heard it said that they have been recovered but are not to be printed as they are too pro-Fascist in sentiment. Can anyone provide precise and reliable information?

BERNARD BERGONZI.
6 Emscote Road, Warwick CV34 4PP.

Paul Celan

Sir, — Joachim Neugroschel (Letters, August 6) greatly inflates the status of his pioneering attempts to translate a selection of Paul Celan's poems (in fact, my article of June 11 only touched on these in passing). His assertion that these translations or his Yiddish-English course will provide privileged access to Celan's work can pass without comment.

In windschief the presence and sound of "wind" are no piece of folk-etymology. If *windsat* — to wind, to twist—is implicit, so is "the wind" (*der Wind*) whose scattering of the ashes of the victims of the holocaust is one of the main and recurrent motifs in the poem. "Warped" seems to me to give not only a partial but a mistaken transfer. Those who are going towards the ovens, towards the blowing of ash, are bent by their suffering, not, I think, "warped". Again, in *windgerecht*, a whole number of implications and connotations are equally at work. Not only reaches (to take just one) certainly *gerecht*, meaning "just" and "upright", and, possibly by force of consonance, *rächen* (to avenge). Such triple pressures are characteristic of Celan and give the kind of manifold, charged "indetermination" which we find, for example, in the Shakespearean "caeing mr".

I would certainly defer to Professor Neugroschel's learning in Yiddish. But the point is that everyone knows there are multitudinous overlaps between Yiddish and medieval German. In the Meister Eckhart quote *Stant up* simply means Yiddish *Shtey op*. Like [illegible] Yiddish *Ich bin* [illegible] *Holy* [illegible] *Sabaoth* [illegible] and of the tragic irony implicit in the fate of the two languages. German literally devoured and annihilated the Yiddish in which it had, in large measure, given birth. It is not Professor Neugroschel or I who have "difficulties with German" (a language presumably immediate to us both), but the deepest sense—Celan, for whom the paradox of the expression of a Jewish identity in the language of the killers proved, finally, insoluble. I am not a Briton" (odd expression) and welcome any resort to charity some of the immense difficulties of Celan's text. Professor Neugroschel's "winrowed" is, indeed, an inspired example. But when he claims that Paul Celan "far performs the translations he reads on delicate ground," Celan is dead and one may pause a good deal but what he suggests said to this or that translator or interpreter. So far as I can make out, Celan certainly towards the end of his life made plain to John Jackson (one of his French translators) or to Bernhard Böschenstein, the most penetrating of his critics, that no translations of his works were really satisfactory. And this is the crucial point.

Our understanding of Celan is, for reasons which I pointed out in detail, as yet of the most preliminary kind. It will be a long time before "internal", let alone interlingual translation is possible. What we need now are proper texts of the poems, still largely missing, and the most humble, scrupulous attempts at elucidation. On this Professor Neugroschel's curious claim about Celan's "ear for American English" has little bearing.

May I take this occasion to correct a misprint in my article (the proof-correction seems not to have reached you in time). The title of Celan's enigmatic poem about his visit to Heidegger should, of course, read "Todtnauberg"—the name of Heidegger's famous forest-refuge.

GEORGE STEINER.
Churchill College, Cambridge CB3 0DS.

'Lesbian Images'

Sir,—In the review of Ms Jane Rule's *Lesbian Images* (July 23), Ms Jill Johnston is quoted as maintaining that "until all women are lesbians there will be no true political revolution". Surely this is a rather half-hearted approach? I have long held that if only everyone, of both sexes, were homosexual, all human problems would be solved in less than a century.

NORMAN COHN.
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The 'Ulysses' Facsimile

Sir,—Clive E. Driver, in his letter of July 30, attempts to refute Phillip Gaskell's hypothesis of a lost intermediate transcript in the prepublication history of *Ulysses* by reviewing the complicated history of the repeated use of the variously amended *Ulysses* typescripts as printer's copy for the *Little Review* and Paris texts. The issue at stake, however, is the relationship of the episodes in the Rosenbach MS and in typescript to one another and to stages of composition and transmission now lost. Collations undertaken since the publication of the facsimile seem to confirm that seven episodes in the Rosenbach MS (the Telemachia; and "Wandering Rocks", "Cyclops", "Ithaca", and "Penelope") served as copy for the typist. For the remaining eleven episodes, however—that is, with the exception of "Wandering Rocks" and "Cyclops", for the entire text beginning with "Calypso" and ending with "Eumaeus", which contradicts the fair-copying process as such—the nature of the variance observed between the fair-copied text and the underlying stratum of typed text in the typescripts appears to indicate that the fair copy was the typescript together radiate from a common ancestor. This would in each case seem to have been a working manuscript from which some first fair-copied the Rosenbach MS, initially as a generally suitable text and soon specifically for sale to John Quinn; which he then for several weeks, or even months, continued to revise; and which was finally typed out for the printer.

I believe that this manner of textual descent, in which the Rosenbach manuscript was bypassed, throws on full evolution of the collation evidence prove dominant for *Ulysses*. By the hypothesis suggested, our understanding of Joyce's creative process is enhanced. The growth of the text by means of a direct, unbroken line of working documents (with the Rosenbach manuscript, which is extensively revised, and the typescript, which is a stable "version" of the novel, or "the" manuscript) suggests that Joyce's concept of "work in progress"—later to become the music for *Finnegans Wake*—was an underlying authorial attitude made in the early episodes of *Ulysses* from "Calypso" onwards.

Finally — notwithstanding Mr Driver's scorn in the bibliographical preface to the facsimile edition—Sylvia Beach may have been faithful to Joyce after all when she implied in *Shakespeare and Company* that she copied out the Rosenbach manuscript for the money it fetched—"small sums, but they helped".

HANS WALTER GABLER.
Institut für Englische Philologie der Universität München, Leopoldstrasse 5e, 8 München 40.

Hume

Sir,—I am simply confounded by Shirley Robin Letwin's claim (Letters, August 6) to have given a "careful account" of my Interpretation of Hume. I did not make a point of mentioning in my first letter to you that she had virtually ignored two-thirds of the book, because I was trying to point out how she had missed the bus in the first part. I still think she has, but to explain why would take too long and be too technical. After all, the book is there, for anyone who is interested, and I intend to pursue the matter in low section further.

But one of the worst features of Mrs Letwin's review and of her letter is the way she missed the typed text in the typescripts appears to indicate that the fair copy was the typescript together radiate from a common ancestor. This would in each case seem to have been a working manuscript from which some first fair-copied the Rosenbach MS, initially as a generally suitable text and soon specifically for sale to John Quinn; which he then for several weeks, or even months, continued to revise; and which was finally typed out for the printer.

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Among this week's contributors

J. S. ATHERTON is the author of *The Books of the Woke*, 1959.

F. R. LEAVIS's most recent book is *To Recover Confidence*, 1974.

QUENTIN BELL's recent books include *Bloomsbury*, 1968, and *Virginia Woolf*, 1972.

JEAN-LOUP BOURGET is Cultural Attaché at the French Embassy in London.

HENRY CHADWICK's books include *Early Christian Thought and the Classical Tradition*, 1966, and *The Early Church*, 1967.

BARRY CUNLIFFE's most recent book is *Iron Age Communities in Britain*, 1974.

NORMAN DIXON's *On the Psychology of Military Incompetence* was published earlier this year.

RICHARD HARRIS is Deputy Foreign Editor of *The Times*.

PAUL IONOTUS is the author of *Hungary*, 1972.

W. J. F. JENNER is Lecturer in Chinese Studies at the University of Leeds.

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI's *Husserl and the Search for Certitude* was published earlier this year.

GAVIN LAMBERT's novels include *The Slide Area*, 1959, and *The Goodby People*, 1972.

PETER LEVI is Tutor in Classics at Campion Hall, Oxford.

JEROME J. MCGANN's *Don Juan in Context* will be published next month.

VIVIAN MERCIER is the author of *The New Novel*, 1971.

BRYAN RANFT is Professor of History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

ERIC RUDENS's *A History of the Cinema* was published earlier this year.

STEVEN RUNCIMAN's recent books include *The Orthodox Churches and the Secular State*, 1972, and *Byzantine Style and Civilization*, 1975.

ULRICH SIMON's books include *The Trial of Man*, 1973, and *Story and Faith*, 1975.

C. H. SISSON's most recent collection of poems is *The Trojan Dice*, 1974.

KEITH WALKER is a Lecturer in English at University College Cork.

T. W. H. WALES's most recent book *Kant's Criticism of Metaphysics* was published last year.

GORDON R. WILLEY is Professor of Central American and Mexican Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University.

Pleasures of a serious dreamer

By Eric Rhode

FRANK D. MCCONNELL:
The Spoken Seen
Film and the Romantic Imagination
224pp. Johns Hopkins University Press. £7.80 (paperback £1.90).

Frank D. McConnell is an associate professor of English at Northwestern University, who likes to watch films on television with his four-year-old son. One of the more appealing aspects of his oddly titled book on film and the Romantic imagination, *The Spoken Seen*, is that it communicates *something* of their pleasure, as well as endorsing the *Romantic belief* in the child as guide. Just as pleasingly, this relationship proposes an ideal in film criticism—in the sense that the *sort's freshness* of response vivifies the father's skill in using literary techniques. Or to put it in another way: a fascination with the exciting and dissociated is balanced by a yearning for the complex and coherent.

Quite how these states of mind relate to each other is hypnosed by Mr McConnell, as though such a question belonged to a culture, or certain cultural preconceptions, that have little relevance at present. Whatever the case, Mr McConnell's neglect of this problem does urgently raise it by mind the presence of another film critic, now dead, who did address himself to it: Robert Warshow.

You may remember that in 1954, Warshow wrote an essay on his son's liking for horror comics: once more, the child as guide. But Warshow's Romanticism was more circumspect than McConnell's. He appeared to concur with the notion that popular culture engages with something childish, or ungrown, in all of us, and believed that in dismissing such forms of culture outright (as many of his contemporaries did) you were liable to practise a form of self-mutilation. At the same time he also thought that he could not give the same importance to the objects of this culture as to works of art where the motivation was predominantly adult.

The impulse which leads me to a Humphrey Bogart movie (he wrote in the preface to *The Immediate Experience*), has little in common with the impulse which leads me to the novels of Henry James or the poetry of T. S. Eliot. That there is a connection between the two impulses I do not doubt, but the connection is not adequately summed up in the statement that the Bogart movie and the Eliot poem are both forms of art. To define that connection seems to me one of the tasks of film criticism.

Without mentioning Warshow, Mr McConnell ranges himself on the other side—with those who "believe in the affinities between Thomas Hobbes and Robert Aldrich and the relevance of G. W. F. Hegel to D. W. Griffith". (The quotation is from an article by Elliot Sirkin in *Film Comment*.) It is intrinsic to Mr McConnell's Romanticism that he should write about *Mary Poppins* (as a film) and *The Tempest*, or *The Wizard of Oz* (as a film) and "Ode to a Nightingale", as though they had the same seriousness. He justifies this levelling by pointing out a central "scandal" (a favourite word of his). Film, he proposes, "forces us, like my good dream, to take it more seriously than its own terms seem to suggest". Recalling Adam's dream in *Paradise Lost*—in which Adam dreams of Eve and wakes to find her there—he takes his bearings from a remark in Keats's letters: "The Imagination may be compared to Adam's dream—he awoke and found it truth."

The truism that good films, like good art of any kind, have the power to intensify, and thereby to transform, our perception of the everyday world, is nearly always worth repeating; and Mr McConnell has discovered an elegant way of doing so. But I do not find his way of relating this argument to particular films or all convincing. At best, *The Spoken Seen* is an endearing muddle.

Among his more salient confusions is its author's wish to see art and dreams as somehow similar. For, surely, Adam's dream was an exception. Most dreams are no more than mental debris, a discharge of undifferentiated meanings that calls for interpretation, or the discovery of some underlying but uncompleted form, to give them significance. If there is a parallel in the other arts, it would lie in Picasso creating sculpture out of industrial waste, discovering and delineating moonings that no one had observed before.

But once this metamorphosis has taken place, it should be noted, different criteria apply. (Although it is less certain how far this change in criteria applies to the interpretation of dreams, however comprehensive or authoritative the interpretation of the dream might be.) For the achieved work of art gives an impression of autonomy: its form imposes a restraint on the critic, tempering his freedom to interpret and perhaps inducing a sense of awe. It requires an approach quite different from the critic's free play of imagination before the token signs (as it were) of dreams, popular culture or even nature itself. In evoking this second kind of discourse, the critic is free to create his own work of art.

Mr McConnell likes to practise this second kind of criticism: but often with works of art that resist such licence. The result is that *The Spoken Seen* lacks a sense of otherness, of structured reality. Everything is engulfed by the self-creating mind of its author; a sub-Hegelianism, in which all likes become unlikes and all likenesses can, at a stroke of his divine pen, become dissimilar. In other words, dreams that should realize Eve end up as merely comfortably wet.

Film, says Mr McConnell, is not merely an adjunct to the more established modes of literature, but "a new kind of literature", which calls on us to revise our ideas of literature itself. This, again, is an interesting idea, but (again) one that remains untested. And Mr McConnell diminishes our sympathy (in spite of his claim that lapses into pathos are deliberate), when he writes about the shift from colour into black-and-white in *The Wizard of Oz* as having "the tenacity of genius", or links the theme of loneliness in Descartes's philosophy with the linguistics of Chomsky and the story, of all things, of *Top Hat*.

One of the more dangerous appeals of film is to tempt the critic into a dreamlike flow of allusion, resonant with illusion, that does little other than half conceal ignorance. You could take the current tests for this sort of thing as reflecting on the state of present-day education, or as, in some way, compensating the cultural void that many people feel. It is certainly for from the notion of culture as a strenuous form of making which adults can engage in. Mr McConnell writes well about *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* and about Bergman and Dreyer, and he has some illuminating things to say about Hitchcock's use of suspence; but, for the most part, his intent is to keep up a rhetorical buzz. "For film is a dream—but a dream whose inescapable content is the dreamlike nature of its own reality."

Between realism and modernism

By Jean-Loup Bourget

ROY ARMES:
The Ambiguous Image
Narrative Style in Modern European Cinema
255pp. Secker and Warburg. £6.50 (paperback, £4.50).

There are two ways of considering Roy Armes's *The Ambiguous Image*. The first is to ignore the book's subtitle and introduction and to regard it simply as a series of loosely related essays on a number of European directors of the past twenty-five years. Mr Armes is to be praised on the catholicity of his taste, the soundness of his evaluations and his readable style. *The Ambiguous Image* can serve as an introduction to much contemporary cinema. The right balance is struck between historical summing up and *auteurist* analysis, as well as between surveys of whole corpora and exegeses of individual films. The roots of contemporary cinema are shown to be widespread both in time and space, extending from Welles's *Citizen Kane* (1941) to Resnais's *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1959) and embracing Kurosawa's *Rashomon* and Cocteau's *Orphée*. Modernist film-makers are neatly arranged in three generations: the older with the variants of Bunuel, Bresson, Bergman; the middle one including Resnais, Jancsó, Pasolini, Borowczyk; finally, the (post) Godardian, with Godard himself, Makavejev and Straub. Mr Armes has a wide culture to extend and mention is also made of numerous other directors. Among the works discussed in detail are *Belle de Jour*, *Le Samourai*, *Blow Up*, *Fitzcarraldo*, *Last Year at Marienbad*; indeed, at times one may be forgiven for getting the impression that underneath the historical and theoretical veneer, *The Ambiguous Image* is basically a collection of individual film reviews previously written as independent entities.

But Mr Armes obviously takes the stated framework of his book very seriously, which brings me to the second way of judging *The Ambiguous Image*, as a work with a claim to belong to the genre of aesthetics. I am in complete sympathy with one of Mr Armes's concerns, which is to try to bridge the gap between the cinema and the other arts, between "modernism" in film and "modernism" in literature, painting, and music. But I cannot accept his statement that "the cinema has finally come of age; that modernism in film can be equated with the triumph of the ambiguous image over realism, the idea of European over Hollywood film-making. To start with, the old arguments about whether or not the cinema can be considered an art form lose their validity, not the achievement of Antonioni or Bergman, but long before, with the films of Griffith, DeMille, Lubitsch and Murnau. Similarly, the emergence of "the director as superstar" is not a specifically modern phenomenon: Hitchcock is a good example of a completely traditional director (according to Mr Armes' tenets) whose films the public went to see because they were by Hitchcock.

Secondly, Mr Armes's whole argument about the move from realism to modernism is based throughout on a twofold confusion: between, on the one hand, representation, typical of photography as well as of most cinema, and figuration (as in figurative painting), and, on the other, between figuration, with which is equated narrative, and realism. It is true that the average Hollywood film was representational, figurative and realistic (there were exceptions: the musical); it does not follow that the three epithets are synonymous. Thus, almost all novels are "figurative" because they tell a story; some are realistic; none is representational (they are couched in linguistic, i.e symbolic terms). The modernist films discussed by Mr Armes are still representational and figurative; many are even realistic. So that "modern" films remain closer to "classic" films than to a "nouveau (anti?) roman", which can be non-figurative as well as non-representational and non-realistic, as is a painting by Rothko.

Then there is the problem of ambiguity itself and what it means. Without going through its "seven types", one should at the very least draw a distinction between ambiguous imagery (images clear in their delineation but ambiguous in their meaning, as the responses they evoke, etc) and ambiguous narrative, with techniques of distortion, shifting or contradictory points of view used in successive or in simultaneous ways. But ambiguity is a feature of modernist cinema (the former in, say, Antonioni or Jancsó, the latter in Buñuel, Resnais, Robbe-Grillet) but neither is particularly modern. Jacques Tourneur's films are ambiguous in imagery and atmosphere although their narrative line is fairly straightforward. On the other hand, such films by Fritz Lang as *Fury* or *Beyond A Reasonable Doubt* have ambiguous meanings which are built into their narrative lines.

It is never clear what type of ambiguity Mr Armes is discussing. His title, with its reference to the "image", is difficult to reconcile with the subtitle and its reference to "narrative style". (Neither is it evident what "narrative style" is equated with.) In fact, and his repeated claims to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr Armes more often than not deals with the themes, the subject-matter of the pictures, rather than with their visual style. Modernity remains an elusive concept which Mr Armes defines sometimes in stylistic terms, sometimes in terms of "themes and obsession". Neither way is particularly convincing. If Jancsó is "modern" because of his rejection of cross-cutting, why isn't Renoir? And what about Godard's use of collages? Are Borowczyk's obsessions more "modern" than those of Sternberg? It is significant that Mr Armes should make frequent mention of Renoir and Rossellini, two directors who for him are beyond the pale, yet answer to all the criteria of modernism, as well as of classicism. It is also significant that for Mr Armes, Albert Camus should be the ultimate authority on modernism. There is nothing quite as outmoded as last night's concept of "tomorrow".

Sanctuary in the sunshine

By Gavin Lambert

JOHN BAXTER:
The Hollywood Exiles
242pp. Macdonald and Jane's. £5.95.

Los Angeles was always a community of exiles, except for the Indians whom the Spanish enslaved when they colonized California almost two hundred years ago. The colonial exiles were themselves displaced by the United States Army when it occupied Los Angeles in 1846, and four years later California became a state of the Union. Then the new exiles began arriving in successive migratory waves, mainly from the Midwest. By 1910 Los Angeles had been nicknamed the Seacoast of Iowa, and 75 per cent of its population was immigrant. Other patterns had also been set by then: there were communities of Chinese and Japanese fishermen, Japanese gardeners, German winegrowers, Filipino domestic servants, black railroad workers and Jewish small businessmen.

When the movie-makers began arriving around 1910, Hollywood was a small, drought-ridden suburb of Los Angeles that had just applied for incorporation with the city in order to be connected to its water supply. But ten years later Los Angeles had become a cultural suburb of Hollywood, and by the end of the 1920s a cosmopolis that had imported many directors, performers and technicians from the studios of Europe. Foreign architects and painters also began to settle there; Krishnamurti arrived in 1931.

But these were not the only creative exiles; for almost all the leading movie-makers came from somewhere else, the classic immigrants, the medicine show, the oil fields and the goldmines. The only directors born in Los Angeles were Busby Berkeley and Victor Fleming, and the only major Angeleno star of the 1930s was Shirley Temple.

After Hitler came to power there was another formidable wave of foreign immigration. Its focal point became the salon presided over by Salka Viertel, who wrote several films for Garbo and was the wife of the director Berthold Viertel. By the end of the 1930s its regulars included Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Schoenberg, Otto Klemperer, Bruno Walter, Max Reinhardt, Franz Werfel, and its occasional guests Chaplin, Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood. Not all of these, of course, were directly connected with the movies; but it was a time of vivid cultural exchange and imaginative overlap, of friendships between Chaplin and Huxley, Reinhardt and Lubitsch, Schoenberg and George Gershwin. It was also an extraordinarily creative time for the movies, with Garbo and Lubitsch and von Sternberg and Chaplin at their peak, and for Los Angeles as a centre of visual experiment, with foreign architects like Neutra and Paul Lazslo designing houses and public buildings.

Unfortunately the excitement of the period does not emerge in *The Hollywood Exiles*. The author seems unaware of the historical perspective, imagining that immigration to Los Angeles began with the movies, and indeed seems to prove that Hollywood was ruthless and greedy and that most of its exiles suffered there. Since their record of creative activity would disprove this point, he ignores it and concentrates instead on a few hard-luck stories. He even blames Hollywood for refusing to admit hundreds of refugees from the Nazis, when in fact the State Department was responsible for the granting or refusal of visas. Many Hollywood figures were notably generous in offering affidavits and financial guarantees, and the European Film Fund, to which all Europeans working in Hollywood subscribed 1 per cent of their salaries in order to help their less fortunate colleagues, was supported by many American screenwriters. There are people to whom John Baxter could have talked about this, Salka Viertel, Isherwood, Thomas Mann's widow, but his preferred sources are jaundiced fugitive visitors, on autobiography by Val Gielgud, a novel by Eric Linklater, an interview with René Clair who complained that the Hollywood studios turned down a couple of his projects (as if all directors, in all countries, did not have projects turned down).

We are told that Heinrich Mann spent hours in studios "waiting to catch the star of a story department head", when in fact he was given a job as screenwriter for Warner Brothers shortly after he arrived; that Lubitsch was successful only because he was a ruthless intriguer, when in fact he was the victim of intrigue at Paramount studios; that Stravinsky was one of the few who did all right because he only cared about money. Since success disproves Mr Baxter's point, there has to be something disreputable about it, and when failure doesn't occur, he has to invent it.

Of course Hollywood was not an "ideal" place, but the record shows that foreigners on the whole have done remarkably well there. Perhaps the most malicious statement in Mr Baxter's book comes at the end where he says that it was "typical" that Lubitsch "should have had his final, fatal heart attack at a party given for an official of the Nuremberg war crimes trials". The implication, I suppose, is that he was stricken with guilt at what Mr Baxter earlier describes as Hollywood's failure to save the lives of thousands of refugees. However, Lubitsch had been warned for months by his doctor to give up smoking, but ignored the advice; and the heart attack that Mr Baxter mentions was neither final nor fatal. He survived it to begin work on another movie, and his last, final, fatal attack some months later, one evening at his home after the day's shooting.

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Yesterday's men and women

By Paul Ignotus

MIKSA FENYŐ:
Feljegyzések és levelek a Nyugatról
(Notes and Letters about *Nyugat*)
546pp. Budapest: Akadémiai kiadó. 74Ft.

MÁRTA VÁGÓ:
József Attila
470pp. Budapest: Szépirodalmi könyvkiadó. 32Ft.

SÁRI MEGYERY:
En is voltam jávorfácsko
384pp. Paris: Magyar Műhely. 40fr.

Hungary is recovering her right to remember. In the circumstances, this is almost as vital as the right to differ on daily politics. Stalinism had left the Hungarians in a schizophrenic state of mind about their recent past—a schizophrenia which developed not only thanks to the Big Brother method of telling them what wishful images to remember and what facts to forget, but also as a delayed trauma of the pre-Stalin years of painful shilly-shallying between capitulation to an apparently world-conquering Hitler and speculation on his hoped-for downfall. It took the post-Stalin "thaw" to break through the self-imposed and party-imposed lies about the nation's memories—such memories as the familiar sight of pacts canonized by the People's Democracy strolling arm in arm with individuals whose names are (or were, a few years ago) anathema to its believers. The breakthrough has come about by fits and starts—and in this connection two books published recently in Budapest are significant.

One is a posthumous volume of Miksa (or Max) Fenyő (1877-1972), comprising literary notes (mainly recollections), and a selection of letters from and to the author. Fenyő was possibly the cleverest Hungarian brain of his time. His personality combined impish irreverence with veneration for genius, and a bohemian love of adventure with level-headedness and a keen sense of economic and political realities. Today he is mainly remembered in his country as the managing director of GYOSZ—opposite number of the CBI for as long as an industrialists' association could go on existing in Hungary; and as co-executive editor of *Nyugat* ("West"), the literary magazine which before and during the First World War revolutionized Hungarian intellectual life.

Though combative by nature, Fenyő was a liberal in the broadest sense, even at the expense of liberalism; he could have been called a Keynesian, but one with a sympathetic interest in authoritarian ventures, left and right alike, so long as they could be credited with making life safer and pleasanter, and profits and wages higher. His "bourgeois" pragmatism was far from revolutionary; at the same time, his patronage and wholehearted advocacy of modern trends in literature, and in particular his close friendship with the radical poet, Endre Ady, linked his name with those spiritual values of the 1910s which are venerated today by all literate Hungarians and not least the Marxists.

Moreover, in the post-1919 decades, when communism was outlawed in Hungary, Fenyő, spokesman of the industrialists in trade and labour negotiations, maintained friendly relations with writers and artists whose names are cherished today (sometimes furtively) among the heroes of the illegal communist movement. Is this bewildering? Not really, not even to a Marxist theoretician, who might argue that capital must be created before being expropriated, and that furthering the growth of industry paves the way to socialism. On top of this, in 1948 Fenyő took refuge in the United States, and though he revisited Hungary frequently towards the end of his life, he never repented of the capitalist elements in his past. How to present him today? The formula that was progressive by the standard of his time" seems to come in handy; and the dichotomy of a "GYOSZ Fenyő" and a "*Nyugat* Fenyő", the former a spokesman of the exploiters, the latter a supporter of those fighting exploitation, can also be applied, as the book's editor, Elizabeth Vezér, does adroitly and tactfully. Yet, to make the "bourgeois" though "progressive" features of this book less conspicuous, the unusual device has been adopted of keeping the author's name off the front page. So the fact that it is Fenyő's literary legacy can only be discovered after some scrutiny—which, in its way, may add to the fun of leafing through its pages.

In the first two decades of our century, until the end of 1918, Hungary was a whiggish kingdom of the Habsburgs, ridden with feudal prerogatives, with princely estates and millions of barefooted labourers, but fond of liberal ideas and generous towards nonconformist artists like Ady and middle-class intellectuals like Fenyő. In the inter-war period, both her feudalism and her liberalism weakened, making way for the domination of a wider but more intolerant network of rulers. The poetic genius of that epoch was József Attila (1905-37), "the Ady of the Thirties" as he would be remembered by many today, and with same reason. But his position was utterly different. Unlike Ady, he came from the proletariat and was conscious of it. And, unlike Ady who basked in almost Byronic splendour even when ostracized or ridiculed, Attila was in opposition even within the opposition, cold-shouldered by all those people on whom a poet's career depended, not only on the right and centre of the political map but also among his fellow Marxists; communists, in particular, resented his refusal to toe the Moscow line either on theoretical matters (psychoanalysis, for instance) or on tactics.

Among the very few who, in his early youth, responded with full understanding to his genius was the girl some two years older than he; she was a daughter of the Ady-worshipping, radical middle classes, Márta Vágó by name, and author of one of the books reviewed here, *József Attila*. The two (Márta and Attila) fell in love with each other, passionately, ecstatically on both sides, and their love was as romantic and as old-fashioned as they themselves were advanced and undogmatic in their ideas. No *liaison*—Márta couldn't bring herself to have one before marriage; and no marriage either, because Márta admitted she couldn't face penury and struggle at the side of a man incapable of enduring the discipline of daily work.

They felt from the outset that it was impossible—or, so at least Márta thought, according to her letters showered on him from London, where she stayed for a time in 1928-29, partly to study at the LSE and workers' relief settlements, but really more to sort things out, assisted by her parents and their friends. She wrote:

> From the first minute onwards I wanted to press you to my heart, and cuddle and comfort you and give you a better world than the one that had treated you so cruelly. . . . But I found myself a powerless, weak, unstable atom of the real world. . . . I tried to run away from you but was unable to. . . . You, too, would have run away from me if you could. We knew from the first minute that our love was doomed, that we era too weak to stand up to the world, to a universe that opposes it. Remember, you told me yourself that you couldn't imagine yourself as a husband—and now you tell me I'm the one who you admit does not belong. Well, you will be more important to me than I can be to you, because that's in the nature of things.

And again:

> I had found a treasure [in you] but was too weak to sacrifice everything for it. And you no longer love me. Do hate me, darling Attila mine, if that relieves you, but believe me, I loved you very much, intensely, and I don't know why things should have to come to this end. Why did I have to hurt you when I wanted to love you? I feel humble. Forgive me if you can.

"I was in love with a well-to-do girl, her class has seized her from me" was Attila's verdict in a poem often quoted since. And it was partly out of bitterness that he then plunged, for some three or four years, into communist illegality. But later, there was a postscript to the youthful romance—a sobering and comforting finale in one way, but the bitterest possible in another. Nine years after the breach, they met again: she a double divorcee; he, gone through an odyssey of experiences; both determined to make up for what they had missed. They became lovers, conscientiously, as it were; and colleagues too, as Márta became voluntary secretary to a highbrow and penniless literary magazine, *Szép Szó* ("Beautiful Word", or "Argument"), run by Attila and a few others of the isolated non-Muscovite left-wingers. The love affair, over-delayed and contrived by then, was of course a failure. Intellectual cooperation did work for a year, with noteworthy results in Hungarian literary history—but then Attila, haunted by metaphysical obsessions, took his life.

It is a sad story, told with uncommon insight and without the slightest attempt to glamorize the gloomy details; yet it is likely to arouse some nostalgia for the intellectual climate—not, by any means, of White Hungary as a whole, but of the "pink" middle classes with their well-groomed culture and their prosperity that could be preserved even in a state of passionate opposition to their rulers until Hitler clamped down on them all. Like the wise and witty sayings of the late Fenyő, the overheated intellectualism of Márta Vágó brings home to the Hungarian reader the sweetness of remembering bitter experiences; and the same can be said of the autobiography written and published in Magyar, but in Paris, by a woman in her late seventies, Sári Megyery: its enigmatic fairytale-style title reads, if literally translated, "I, too, have been a little maple-tree".

Sári Megyery's is an extraordinarily colourful, indeed sparkling, life story, rich in flaps and disappointments as well as in triumphs, but with a sort of calm and happy ending. Her sentences are rather ungrammatical, but who cares? Her narrative is strikingly honest, vivid and unabashed. She came from what may be termed the top gentry—nearest to the "genuine" aristocracy but still not belonging to it. Both the Hungarian gentry and aristocracy had magnificent moments in previous centuries, and their outstanding gifts could be recognized in numerous individuals down to the bitter end (as could their charm

A girl of Kazar, in northern Hungary, is dressed by her mother for churchgoing. The elaborate headdress, the number of pleated petticoats, and the significance of every detail of the costume make this a social has photographed a great number of Hungarian folk customs still survive in country districts: weddings, funerals, harvest festivals and the celebration of Easter and Christmas.

A servant of Byzantium

By Steven Runciman

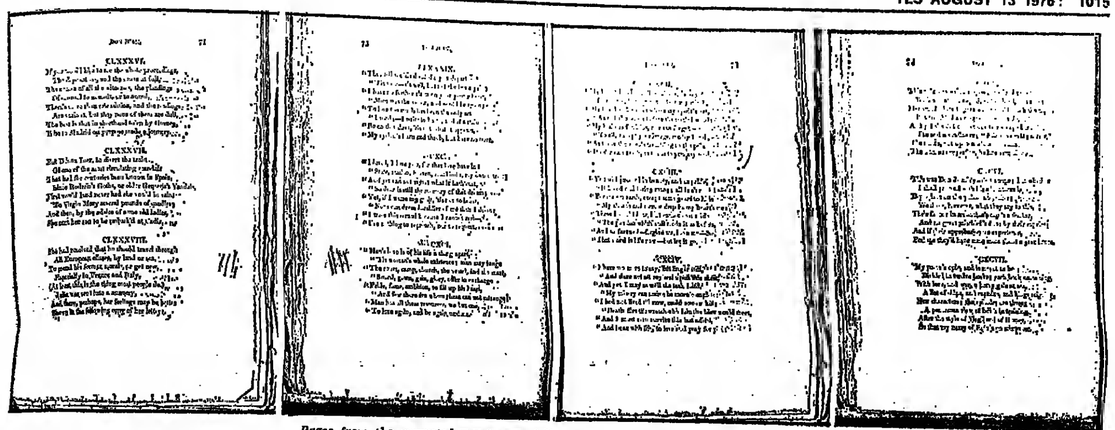
LOUISA SYNDIKA-LAOURDA (Editor):
In Memory of Basil Laourdas
648pp. Privately printed. Distributed by Gregoris, Solonos 73, Athens.

Basil Laourdas, who was born in March 1912 and died in March 1971, was among the most gifted and distinguished of the Greek historians of his time. His interests stretched from the classical period down to the present day; but his main interest was in Byzantium, and his best work done on the history of Thessaloniki and of Crete, and on the writings of two great intellectual figures of the Middle Byzantine period, the Patriarch Photius and Arethas of Caesarea. Perhaps his most notable achievement was to make the Institute of Balkan Studies at Thessaloniki, of which he was appointed the first director in 1954, the liveliest and most productive centre for Byzantine and Balkan history in Eastern Europe. As he died too young to be honoured with a festschrift, it is right that a volume of essays should be dedicated to his memory.

It is a large book. Apart from a note on his life and a full bibliography of his works, listing 405 articles, and six essays—three in Greek and three in English—dealing with him as a scholar and a friend, there are thirty-six contributions. The subjects range from Hellenistic Macedonia to the attitude of America towards Greece in the Second World War. Inevitably, the length, the treatment and the quality of the articles are uneven.

At one extreme there are technical archaeological essays, such as those by J. M. R. Cormack and D. M. Pippidi. At the other extreme there is an article full of highly controversial generalizations by W. H. McNeill of Chicago on the Ottoman Empire in world history. It is a little invidious to pick out from so many good articles those of especial interest. One should perhaps mention L. G. Westerink's publication, with a commentary, of a letter and a treatise by Nicetas of Paphlagonia on the date of the end of the world, and Kenneth M. Setton's long chapter which brings up to date the study of Catalan society in Greece. Some of the most interesting articles deal with the post-Byzantine period. Robert Browning writes pleasantly but briefly on early Greek visitors to England. Robert W. Hartle provides an entertaining article on Cobbet and Greece, and D. Hiaou on Pouqueville's account of his sojourn in Greece. E. Prevelakis publishes two important dispatches by William Meyer, British Consul at Prevesa, on Ali Pasha. More recent history is covered in an excellent piece by D. Dakin on Lord Curzon's policy towards Greece.

The book is attractively produced and, for a multi-lingual production, is remarkably free of misprints. It forms a worthy tribute to a distinguished and much-loved scholar.



Pages from the corrected proof text of Don Juan referred to in the article below.

The correct text of *Don Juan* I, 190-198

By Jerome J. McGann

In preparing the text of the "Variorum" edition of *Don Juan*, T. G. Steffan and W. W. Pratt did not see, or use, any of the extant proofs, and their revised Penguin edition was also printed without consulting this material. The omission turns out to have been a serious one, in several respects. First, the proofs supply Byron's corrected punctuation for the suppressed "Dedication" and most of Cantos I-IV, and this punctuation differs in important ways from the received text. Second, the margins of the proofs of Cantos I-II carry a series of fascinating comments by J. C. Hobhouse—Byron's friend who was seeing these cantos through the press—and by Byron himself on various matters (including the biographical aspects of certain passages, and arguments about what constitutes "dirty" poetry). Hobhouse marked up the proofs before they were sent to Byron with a series of objections and queries, and Byron answered his friend in the proof margins.

I will not be dealing with either of these matters here, however, but will be concentrating on a fairly dramatic misprinting which exists in all published texts of Canto I, including the first edition until the "Variorum". The passage is I, 190-198, which contains Julia's famous "farewell letter" to Juan.

Byron received and corrected two sets of proofs of Cantos I-II in May 1819. Those proofs did not contain the whole of Canto II, however. He also received and corrected (minimally) a proof of Cantos III-IV in June 1820. All these proofs are preserved in the archives of Byron's publisher, John Murray.

The text of Julia's letter has been misprinted because of certain fortuitous circumstances, but the proofs enable us to reconstruct the printing history. On November 11, 1818, Byron sent his corrected fair copy of Canto I to Murray (MS M) and he kept his draft copy (MS PM) with him in Venice. This fair copy lacked a number of stanzas, including Julia's letter, and on December 8 Byron dispatched his corrected fair copy of the letter to Murray (MS M²), once again keeping his first draft with himself (it is written on MS PM).

Somehow the fair copy of Julia's letter (M²) got mislaid at Murray's though it had arrived safely. On April 17 and 20, 1819, after Byron had repeatedly asked Murray whether MS M² had arrived safely, Murray answered to say that the manuscript had been lost. Byron received these letters on May 6, when he recopied the passage from his draft text on MS PM and sent this second copy of Julia's letter to Murray (MS M³). Meantime, however, in London, MS M² was found again, and Murray wrote to Byron on May 3 to tell him all was well and that MS M² was with the printer, who was setting type for the first proof. Byron did not receive this letter until after he had sent MS M³ to London. MS M³, however, follows the draft text (PM) version rather than Byron's revised text (M²). When Byron received the first proofs on May 15, they contained a text printed from MSS M and M³. Byron corrected this proof and returned it quickly to Murray.

The contents of this first proof were pages numbered [1]-80, containing title-page, the suppressed "Dedication", and Canto I, stanzas 1-220 (numbered 1-215 in this proof). Besides certain later additions, the proof also lacked the final two stanzas, and Byron queried the omission on the final page of the proof, as well as in his covering letter to Murray. On May 17 the second batch of proofs came, and once again they were incomplete. Checking these proofs against Byron's letters and his manuscripts of the canto, one can see that the second proof contained a series of pages numbered [81]-142, which included the final stanzas of Canto I plus the notes for that canto, plus stanzas 1-71 of Canto II. On May 25 Byron was still looking for the remainder of the proofs, but by June 3 he told Hobhouse that no more proofs should be sent because he had left Venice and was not having his mail forwarded.

The proofs of Cantos I-II contained several other parts which show that a revised proof was printed incorporating Byron's various additions and revisions. This proof Byron never saw, but the first edition was printed from it. Crucially, this final proof printed the text of MS M² at I, 190-198 rather than Byron's revised text M² or the revised proof text made from M².

The error seems to have come about because Byron's second copy of the stanzas, M², also contained the only copy Byron sent to Murray of three other stanzas for Canto I: 15-17. These stanzas were a very late addition written at the end of MS M². When the final revised proof was being set to incorporate all of Byron's corrections and additions, Murray evidently let his printer use MS M² for I, 190-198 because that manuscript also contained the only copy he had of I, 15-17. The consequence was that the revised proof of Cantos I-II printed the draft text of I, 190-198 and not Byron's corrected text (which was on the first proof and M³.)

Though they did not know the full details of this printing history, Steffan and Pratt were aware that the December 6, 1818 copy (M²) was Byron's revised text, and the one Byron wanted in print:

> There is good reason why M² should have been made the basis of the present text, since that was Byron's revised version. Had it not been mislaid, it would have been the one to be used by the printer. M³, the later copy, was clearly made in a hurry after Byron had forwarded the details of his revision. . . . However, since Murray printed M³, it became the traditional text. ("Variorum", I, 128n)

Despite this understanding, the "Variorum" chose to print the "traditional" text as well. Yet even without the evidence of the proofs the decision would have to be suspect. Had Steffen and Pratt seen Byron's corrected proofs, or known that the revised version of the stanzas was (properly) used by the printer for the first proofs (corrected by Byron), or understood the mix-up which occurred after the first proofs were printed, they would surely have revised the "traditional" text in accordance with Byron's own revisions.

The text of I, 190-198 above reproduces Byron's corrected proof text. It is printed with the permission of John G. Murray, who holds the copyright. The received stanzas are numbered in the proof (CLXXXVII-CXCV. The M² and proof texts differ from the received text in seventeen lines, and stanzas 195-198 are in transposed positions. Stanzas CXCIII and CXCIV in the proof are transposed in all printed texts of the poem. A selection of the variants from the printed texts, below, is keyed to the stanzas as numbered in the corrected proof. A more complete list can be found in the "Variorum" apparatus (I, 128-134).

CLXXXVII, 4:
At least since the retirement of the Vandals,

CLXXXVIII, 6-7:
Julia was sent into a convent; she
Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better

CXCII, 2:
But still I think I can collect my mind;

CXCII, 7-8:
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCV, 2:
With a nest little crow-quill, slight and new;

Note: I have drawn from the following printed sources for my historical details: *Byron's Don Juan, A Variorum Edition*, editors T. G. Steffan and W. W. Pratt (Austin, Texas, 1957), I, 12-26, 361-368 and II, 128-134; Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and his Friends* . . . (1891), I, 402; and Volume 6 of Leslie Marchand's edition of Byron's *Letters and Journals* (which is not yet published, but which I have been able to consult in galley proofs with the permission of Professor Marchand and his publisher, John G. Murray). It should be noted that the proofs of Cantos I-II were exhibited once: *Sea La Livre Anglais, An Exhibition of Books 16th-20th Centuries* . . . (Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale, 1951). My MS sigla are taken from those used in the "Variorum" edition.

Between fact and fiction

By J. S. Atherton

HELENE CIXOUS:
The Exile of James Joyce
765pp. John Calder. £15.

The Exile of James Joyce was written some years ago. The original Paris edition appeared in 1968, not 1972 as the publishers say; 1972 was, in fact, the year that this translation was published in New York. It is noticeable that the bibliography stops at 1965.

Hélène Cixous, whose novel *Dedans* won the Prix Medicis in 1969, is Professor of English Literature at the University of Paris in Vincennes. She carries the biographical mode of literary criticism to its utmost extent, viewing Joyce's life and works as a homogeneous whole around which she gives her imagination free play. Since Mme Cixous is intelligent, sensitive and articulate, some illuminating comments and perceptions are to be expected. There is a comparison of the life of Oscar Wilde as Joyce described it in the *Piccolo della Sera*—"far from being a perverted monster . . . he is the logical and inescapable product of the Anglo-Saxon college and university system with its secrecy and restrictions"—with that of Joyce himself who, she continues, "is in fact the logical and inescapable product of the Irish system; and the narrowness of Jesuit education, as suffered by some exceptional souls, can but lead to rebellion and atheism".

In another place she attributes to Joyce a jealousy of the Creator because all the women he has known were known first by God. Discussing Joyce's play *Exiles* and his obsession with betrayal, she comments: "One might almost believe that a man makes himself wings in order to fall from greater heights".

She is very interesting when she elaborates on the relations between Joyce and his wife, but one wonders if her opinions would have changed had she read the Cornell letters. There are intelligent comments on Joyce and his rivals or anti-selves, but usually—as in discussing Lynch, Cranly and Davin, Stephen's university friends—her account confuses the fictional characters with flair real-life exemplars, so dealing with an imaginary hinterland between fact and fiction. Worse still, she occasionally provides her own fiction. In her account of "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" she propounds the improbable theory that the poem about Parnell is the one which James Joyce is said to have written at the age of nine, no copy of which survives, and builds assumptions on this which seem to me both irrelevant and unacceptable.

The book is too long and self-indulgent, which is a pity, as if it had been pruned of its clouder passages and edited carefully it would have made a useful addition to Joyce studies. But the editing is deplorable. Numerous quotations from Joyce's works are made but no indication is given as to which editions are being referred to. Very little time was taken in establishing that the Penguin edition of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was used, but it was hours before I discovered that the translator, while taking the quotations from *Ulysses* from a Random House edition, had forgotten to alter the reference numbers, which still indicate the relevant pages from the French translation of *Ulysses* that was used for the original text. Perhaps the editor, if there was one, will blame the translator for this, but she seems to me to have done her work extremely well. Apart from such sentences as: "Cette femme est une femme et c'est une femme" which just will not go into English, the translation is irreproachable. The proofreading is not. The first line of text reads: "First published in Great Britian." Professor Ellmann, whose works are used often, appears in the index as "R. Ellman". At its price the book is what *Which?* would describe as a bad buy.

The Orchard of the Flying Pig

As rosy as sunsets over their cloudy hocks, the pigs come flying
Evening by evening to light in the fruit trees,
Their trotters firm on the bent boughs, their wings
All folding down for the dark as they eat and drowse,
Their snouts snuffling a comfortable music.

At dawn, as easily as the light, they lift
Their still blessed souse and chitlings through the warming air,
Not wedging their way like geese, but straggling
And curling in the sunrise, rising, then soaring downward
To the bloody sties, their breath turned sweet as apples.

David Wagoner

Life in the frontier zone

By J. A. Lloyd

JOYCE REYNOLDS (Editor):
Libyan Studies
Select papers of the late R. G. Goodchild
345pp. Rlek. £17.50.

Synonymous with the classical archaeology of Libya in the post-war period, until his premature death in 1968, was Richard George Goodchild. *Libyan Studies* brings together the first time a generous selection of Goodchild's Libyan papers, which previously lay scattered in a variety of learned journals. Seventeen published articles, some valuable formerly unpublished material and, sensibly, a complete bibliography of his work are included. Joyce Reynolds, one of Goodchild's most distinguished colleagues, has undertaken the considerable editorial responsibility most capably. Her careful and unobtrusive annotation clarts the reader to all the significant developments which have effected Goodchild's papers in this quarter-century since they first appeared.

Richard Gaadchild was born in 1913, near Exeter. He first dug as a schoolboy and his enthusiasm was encouraged at Oxford, where he read Modern History. Hero his collaboration in the publication and excavation of an important Iron Age sanctuary at Pitford was the most fruitful expression of his constant involvement with archeology. War service introduced him to the Mediterranean and thereafter he was to spend most of his working life in Libya. After leaving Libya in 1966 he spent a year in the United States before taking up an appointment as professor of the archeology of the Roman provinces at the London Institute of Archaeology. His career as an academic was short, for he fell ill after his first term and soon died.

When Goodchild took office in Libya, first in 1946 and later in 1953 as Controller for Cyrene, he came to a vast land over three times the size of France. Arid, scantily populated and then extremely poor (before oil) Libya had nevertheless an immensely rich and well-preserved archaeological heritage. The war had left the antiquities organization in tatters and the task of rebuilding and improving the administration, as well as continuing archaeological research, was one of great magnitude. Goodchild's unselfish approach to the problem is indicated by this passage from "A Hole in the Heavens", chapters from an unfinished book on the recent history of Cyrene:

> Moreover, a foreigner employed in a newly-emergent country must consider his main responsibility to be that of creating something that will endure after his going. Indeed it may be said that the sooner he can make adequate preparations for his own departure, the better he is doing his job.

When he came to leave Libya, Goodchild had helped to organize a viable, locally staffed antiquities service, a new and substantial journal *Libyan Antiquities* and the widespread participation and involvement of scholars of many different nationalities. It says much for his humanity, energy and ability that in Libya today his memory is held in the greatest esteem.

"A Hole in the Heavens" is a highly entertaining, informative account of the rediscovery and history of the site of Cyrene, which has wisely been judged too important to remain unpublished. Drawing on a wealth of obscure sources, Goodchild begins the story in the early eighteenth century with the journey of Lemaire, the French consul at Tripoli, to the ruins of the "great and proud city". Visits by other European travellers are related and some of their idiosyncratic interpretations make amusing reading. Lemaire claimed to have seen a "champ de Mars" containing the tombs of 25,000 soldiers laid out in battle formation, each grave marked by an upright stone whose height varied according to rank. Goodchild gently corrects him: "It is evident that the consul had mistaken for funerary monuments the standing stones which the ancients had set up to mark out their fields and farm-enclosures."

He goes on to describe the history of concentrated excavation at Cyrene. In 1861 the British naval officers Smith and Porcher loaded a man-of-war with more than 100 sculptures from the ruins. In 1911 an American expedition was curtailed by the murder of its epigraphist, Herbert Fletcher De Cou. Shortly afterwards the Italian seizure of Libya took place and the serenity of Cyrene was broken by the hustle and bustle of military occupation. It was at this time that the famous "Venus of Cyrene" was found. The search for the missing head of this statue, modestly sponsored by the Ministry for the Colonies, was in fact the starting-point of more than thirty years of Italian governmental excavation at Cyrene.

The story is continued in the end of the Second World War but breaks off shortly afterwards. It is a witty and fluently written account, demonstrating not only Goodchild's love of Cyrene and his painstaking powers of research but also his patience and his charitable approach, virtues which equipped him well for the Libyan experience. The missing section up to his departure has to some extent been filled by the posthumous publication of his book *Kyrene und Apollonia* (Zurich, 1971).

The bulk of *Libyan Studies* is, of course, taken up by the fruits of Goodchild's researches into his major preoccupation, Roman archaeology. Perhaps the most important and best known of the selected papers are those on the Roman frontier (*Limes*) in Tripolitania. They illustrate his abiding interest in the organization of Roman frontier defences and life in the frontier zone. The seven studies will remain important for the vivid picture they create of the Tripolitanian hinterland, studded with the blockhouse-like fortified farmhouses, which formed the backbone of a stand system of frontier defence instituted in the third century AD. The editor draws attention to the continuing debate over the correct description, *limitanei* or *gentiles*, of the farmer-soldiers who were settled in the *gsar* and called upon by the Romans to protect the great caravan cities from barbarian attack.

His study of the Severan fortresses at Bu Ngem, Gheria el-Garbia and Ghadames, built by detachments of Legio III Augusta to guard the desert oases and caravan routes, remains the best general survey of these buildings. Intensive excavation in progress at Bu Ngem, however, will provide detailed information on these forts at the edge of the empire for the first time.

Moving eastwards, Goodchild made the initial assessment of the basic defensive arrangements in Cyrenaica, from Roman times through to the Arab invasions. His striking portrayal of Cyrenaica in the sixth century—"The whole province of Libya Pentapolis had become, by the reign of Justinian, a land of castles, and almost every hilltop was surmounted by a fort or tower in visual communication with a score of other towers"—has yet to be challenged, for the excavation which he recognized as essential for the dating of these buildings has scarcely not been attempted.

The military theme continued the influence the more reflective work of his later career, which from a consideration of specific events and personalities in Libyan history. A fragmentary and previously unpublished essay on Synesius of Cyrene, the "Squire-Bishop" of late antiquity, gives rise to some conclusions on the Byzantine garrisons of Cyrenaica. The final study in this book took at the campaigns of the Arab general, Amr Ibn el-As, who led the Arab forces into Libya in the mid-seventh century AD. Later work has corrected some of the details (notably in stressing that Tocra was chosen for the Byzantines' last stand as much for its guaranteed water supply as its strategic position) but the major outlines, as with so much of Goodchild's work, remain undisputed.

The typographical survey was Goodchild's outstanding contribution to Libyan archaeology. His exact talents included the detailed and powerful analysis of buildings like the unfinished "Imperial" baths at Lepris Magna and a gift for surface detection (which resulted in with the minimum of excavation in the location of his Forum of Ptolemais, in Cyrenaica). For him, however, the major unexplored fields at research held the widest appeal. Consequently his pioneering surveys in country areas have helped to redress the undue emphasis which earlier generations of archaeologists placed on the investigation of the classical cities of Libya, and have considerably broadened our knowledge of this country as a whole. The two Libyan sheets of the *Tabula Imperii Romani*, as well as many of the papers included here, are the practical results of his flair for fieldwork.

In recent years Goodchild's initial reconnaissances have been followed up, both in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, where the identification of Drinne as Hadrianopolis, the "lost" city of the Hexapolis, has been established. Goodchild himself wavered between Driana and Tansuluch as the site of the Hadrianic foundation, although in a paper on the decline of Cyrene and the rise of Ptolemais he appeared in favour Driana. Further research will undoubtedly supplement and refine the majority of these papers. They remain, however, fundamental working documents for the archaeologist and the historian alike, and will do so for many years. *Libyan Studies* is a testament to a considerable archaeologist, and to a man who by his deep affection and respect for a country, its people and antiquities left a legacy of good will to which scholars of all nationalities are deeply indebted.

The heavens and men's eyes

By Gordon R. Willey

ANTHONY F. AVENI (Editor):
Archaeoastronomy in Pre-Columbian America
436pp. University of Texas Press (AUPG). £11.50.

There has been a good bit of nonsense written about the astronomical performances of the ancients. Indeed, what is designated as "archaeoastronomy" in Anthony Aveni's book was for a long time held in rather low repute by professional archaeologists. As a student in the late 1930s I well recall a distinguished professor referring to the study of the alignments of man-made features and celestial bodies as "the lowest form of archaeological research". Fortunately, in the past decade or so things have changed—both as to the quality of astro-archeological work and the attitudes towards it.

Archaeoastronomy in Pre-Columbian America exemplifies this new seriousness. The book grew from a conference which was held under the joint sponsorship of the Mexican Consejo Nacional de Ciencia y Tecnologia and the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Mexico City in June 1975. All of the papers are technical or specialized, some highly so. The covering rubrik of archaeoastronomy is etymologically correct in the sense that it refers to the intersection and overlap of archaeological and astronomical interests; but it should be pointed out that the interests, scholarly data bases and approaches as represented in this collection are extremely diverse; so that searching astronomy is about as rewarding as archaeology.

One set of papers is concerned with Mayan and other Mesoamerican calendrics and their related astronomical aspects. The data for these are embedded in a rich corpus of native codices and hieroglyphic inscriptions. These study has been an established branch of pre-Columbian archaeological research ever since Ernst Forstemann did his pioneer work with the famed Mayan document, the Dresden Codex. My above observations about the former dubiousness of "archoastronomy" do not apply to this particular research tradition. The richness and complexity of the data for such studies cnt be appreciated from M. D. Coe's overview of the subject; and the quality of the studies of this genre are well represented by the several offerings of N. C. Owen, C. H. Smiley, D. H. Kelley, C. Cook de Leonard, and M. Hatch. Some of these discuss the recordings of solar eclipses in the Dresden Codex and the bearing that such information has on the problem of the Meyen-Christian calendrical correlation. Others examine astronomical information on carved monuments or refer to other codices. The piece by Cark de Leonard is a tour de force of interpretation of a series of wall panels from the site of Tajin, utilizing astronomical and daily symbols and their meanings in an erudite display of iconographic explication.

Another group of papers stands in marked contrast to the first. These are about the evidences of astronomical knowledge among the native peoples of America north of Mexico, particularly in the southwestern United States. Many of these data are petroglyphs which are presumed to refer to various astronomical recordings. Of special interest is one sign which has been interpreted as the supernova, Creb Nebula, a phenomenon which was noted by Sung dynasty astronomers in AD 1054 and which is believed to have been sighted by the prehistoric Southwesterners. Other petroglyphs on the ceilings of cliff-face overhangs are interpreted as "planetarium sites". Some astronomical clues are also seen in architectural orientations, such as kiva doorways set to catch solstitial rays.

Inevitably, these papers are much more speculative than those of the first group. Their contexts are much thinner. Only the kind of ethnohistoric and ethnographic background material which Howley Ellis lists in her article backs up the astronomical traditions of the Pueblo Indians and other Southwestern groups. In some instances, the authors of these papers are extremely cautious in presenting their findings; nevertheless, the whole of the scholarly operation here is of a different order from that of the Mesoamerican documentary-backed studies. We are here in the realm of the "unwritten evidence" for pre-Columbian astronomy.

The third group of papers is largely concerned with Mesoamerican data and with site layout and architectural evidences, although there are one or two exceptions. Those papers are also based on "unwritten evidence". Gerald Hawkins, who has probably done more than any other scholar to advance the cause of "archaeoastronomy" with his work at Stonehenge, contributes a methodological set of guidelines for its practitioners. Among other things, he stresses the importance of dating the site or building under examination by means other than astronomical ones so that circularity of reasoning can be avoided. Substantively, he discusses astronomical observations at Stonehenge, Karnak, and on the south coast of Peru. In the latter instance, the case for the astronomical significance of the ground lines near Nasco was not demonstrated.

A. F. Aveni and J. E. Reymasloss combine their examinations of structures and sites—these all in Mesoamerica—with methodological comments. The latter argues that subsistence adaptive factors for any society may be related to its celestial observations and that the archaeoastronomer should therefore take cognizance of the ecological context of his data. No one could deny this, yet in Egypt as in Mesoamerica the validations and deifications of rulers or the reinforcement of religious authority probably had more to do with astronomical architectural alignments than did concerns with crops and planting.

T. M. Cowan's paper, which is not Mesoamerican but about architecture, attempts to relate eastern United States effigy mound configurations with stellar configurations. In this his efforts are something like those of the south-western Great Basin petroglyphic scholars, and, to my mind, no more convincing.

A. Morahock examines a Mesoamerican archaeological object—an Olmec Mosaic pendent—and sees in the arrangement of its plaques the layout of a lunar year calendar. He is probably right because, in this case, Olmec prototypes for Mayan and other later Mesoamerican calendars are very likely. In other words, his argument really rests on culture-historical context. Without it I would not be any more convinced than I am by Cowan's ergumentsabout effigy mounds.

All in all, I think that this collection indicates that there is a respectable interdisciplinary field that might be called "archaeoastronomy". But this field is still coming of age and is still awkward and uncertain of itself in many instances. Like other interdisciplinary efforts it makes severe demands on its practitioners. Good performances demands some real knowledge of astronomy and considerable knowledge of the archaeological setting to be studied. As one sympathetic to many of the newer trends in archeology, I do not deny that much can be inferred from "unwritten evidence" alone, and this is certainly true for "archaeoastronomy"; yet here, too, the more ties we can establish with documentary, ethnohistoric and ethnographic sources and contexts, the more comfortable we will be in our interpretations.

Courteous disharmony

By Ulrich Simon

Christian Believing
A Report by the Doctrine Commission of the Church of England.
156pp. SPCK. £2.50.

Most reports of our time cannot help being boring. The compilers have to give a picture of the state of play to date. But Christian discussion is unlike North Sea oil, and the "Report by the Doctrine Commission of the Church of England" cannot pursue a clear and practical aim. It oscillates between facts in the past, present uncertainties, and the task in the future. The committee pinpoints the problems of the "pastness of the past" and of the "nature of religious language" as most appropriate for discussion, for unless theological methods are scrutinized the Bible may be abused, quoted at random, and credal formulations may be invoked irrationally. Nothing can be taken for granted if we wish to face and state the truth in accord with contemporary knowledge and follow an open-ended approach to the Christian heritage, without bias or reserve. Yet Christian identity cannot hope to survive without its central core of tradition. Despite the squeeze, this Anglican inquiry combines a liberal tone and conservative assurance, steering a course between radical and orthodox claims to Christendom, and ignoring the secular atheism that is attacking the front line.

More surprisingly, the members of the Doctrine Commission not only shun the war declared upon Christian belief from outside but also the huge wave of apostasy within Christendom. This is a pity, for it gives an air of unreality to the no-man's-land behind the cool academic treatment which assumes the existence of a free Christian community, an educated class of Christians, manageable churches and responsible individuals. Hence the report is certainly free from the apocalyptic fervour of Solzhenitsyn or the nihilism of Updike. Its presuppositions fall to comprehend the godless alternative, with horsemen bringing famine, pestilence, war, and death. Is the past now so muted that the forms of Christian belief, say in denunciations, lamentations, and victory songs, can no longer be heard by communities locked up in their little electronic cages?

A sense of frustration runs through the report's "agreed statement", despite or because of the somewhat romantic language which compares the Christian life to "an adventure, a voyage of discovery, a journey. . .". This makes the pilgrimage ambiguous and even the pilgrim and his goal provisional. Instead a minority report, additional appendixes and individual essays spell out the detail. Here is the real meat, not so much of dogma as of new insights.

C. F. Evans's essay on the unity and the pluriformity of the New Testament is a fine example of expertise distilled for the uninformed public. It demolishes the kind of humbug as often associated with Jesus, as if the Name or the Person could be produced as a trump card to take all the tricks on the table. Fundamentalists, pietists, as well as agnostics and humanists, may profit from this survey and evaluation of first-century writings which testify to an incredibly complex world and an even more complex articulation of faith. No doubt our present awareness of complexities and the pluralism which governs our lives have helped to trigger off the disclosure of this self-evident truth which must enrich our apprehension of Gospels and Epistles. But, at the same time, the many dimensions of christology focus sharply on the dogmatic questions surrounding the status of the Christ: who was and is he and what did he achieve? How can the many facets point to the One?

G. W. H. Lampe rehearses the ensuing dogmatic struggles. From the start theologians fought against this incipient pluralism and poured all their talents, passions, and venom into battle for what they considered to be the truth. Marxists still have to learn a lot from the dialectical sparring which once shook the world and made a civilization. Christians, too, can do worse than to remember that the creeds were polemical in essence. A clause like the *filioque*, which finally split East and West, really mattered (and perhaps still does.) Ideology fuelled expansion and wars. Professor Lampe offers no judgment, but the sufferings of the Jews and the triumph of Islam speak for themselves.

Anglican doctrine, however, only touches on this side of dogmatics as if it were an alien thing best forgotten. The individual essayists are more concerned with the chasm which always separated the alleged divine revelation from historical events. They do not wish to perpetuate the bitterness of past polemics with its sweet and stink of theological debate, as caricatured by Heine in a poem typical for the contempt which the Enlightenment felt for the rival claims of religion.

Yet even the most enlightened Christian theologian gets into trouble once he admits the validity of transitory and external cultures in dogmatics. Lord Hailsham dealt with this Trojan horse once and for all in his *Church Dogmatics*, but natural theology lies like a minefield in and around so much Anglican thinking. How can the eternal be comprehended in the temporal, the infinite in the spatial, the cosmic in history on earth, God in Man? Can the traditional formulations be now reduced to the lowly status of symbol or parable and still assert anything meaningful? Radical and conservative protagonists give their answers, now without the odium of the offensive pun.

D. E. Nineham hits at the unreliability of all reporting. When tested by our rules of evidence the historical content of Old and New Testaments is open to doubts of varying degree. Moreover, since all events are already interpreted through and for the cultural climate of the age, the inherited material behind dogma must be seen to be of an opaque nature. Nothing is really what it seems to have been—including the Jesus of history. Nor is this all, for the mechanics of Christian belief have continually worked upon Scripture.

M. F. Wiles and G. W. H. Lampe view tradition in the same way, always contending that credal growth derived from interpreted experience. If this is so we have not only the famous stumbling block of the divergence of the Jesus of History and the Christ of Faith but also a whole series of similar dilemmas, and I cannot see a way out of this impasse any more than could the liberals of the nineteenth century. There is no insight here superior to that of, say, George Eliot, Loisy, or Harnack, and even the impact of modern science does not lessen the obsession with historical criticism.

A. M. Allchin presents the case for the tradition and orthodoxy in the most extreme form, and has the unstinted support of J. R. Lucas, C. F. M. Jones and H. E. W. Turner. The historical hurdles seem to vanish, for we are in an essentially Neoplatonic world, spiced with quotations from V. Lossky. Our little world reflects in its shadowy manner the divine immanently, for God unites through Christ and the Spirit our microcosmos with the macrocosmos of creation. Having reestablished the principle of cosmic correspondence against all negative presuppositions, Allchin boldly opposes reductionism with enlargement. He broadens the perspective of Incarnation and Resurrection to include angels and to postulate the perpetual virginity of Mary. He opens the large room in which Christians have always dwelt as in another world.

As can be seen, the report ends on a fascinating note, for it broadcasts irreconcilable voices in courteous disharmony. It is surely a cause for wonder that seventeen theologians taken from a tiny country and similar cultural background, can produce such a chorus. At first the report looks like the old dish served up with new sauces, but if all its nuances are followed it makes for a nice cacophony, and that may perhaps be the voice of truth in an age of chaos. Such optimism, however, may be totally misplaced unless Christians find the courage to add their own ecstatic, despairing, unmeasurable music to this artificial concert. The days of reasonable reporting have been overtaken by events, and a theology of crisis, defiance, prophecy, and apocalyptic fury of the one hand, and of a scientific, cosmic, transcendent inspiration on the other, answers to our present needs. Perhaps mere words and propositions are no longer adequate to the task. One longs for poetry, music, and icons after reading this report. And for action rather than talk!

Imperial highways

By Barry Cunliffe

RAYMOND CHEVALLIER:
Roman Roads
Translated by N. H. Field
272pp. Batsford. £9.50.

Although in Britain we are fortunate to have full published accounts of our Roman road system, there has until now been no up-to-date work discussing Roman roads in their broader context—broader, that is, both geographically and in terms of their functions and uses. Raymond Chevallier's book neatly fills that gap.

Written in a slightly idiosyncratic Gallic style, and naturally biased towards French examples, M. Chevallier provides an extremely valuable account of all aspects of the imperial road system. In its general approach the book is semi-encyclopedic. This is particularly true of the first chapter, which deals with the evidence for roads derived from classical literature and inscriptions. First Latin words for roads are discussed, and then follow several pages of extracts from classical texts, detailed discussions of contemporary sources such as the Peutinger Table and the Antonine Itinerary, transcriptions from a number of Roman milestones and even a consideration of selected sixteenth and seventeenth-century sources. None of this is particularly easy reading, but it provides a mass of fascinating information.

The second chapter, dealing with the archaeology of roads and their ancillary structures, is more interesting, though the section giving practical advice on looking for old roads might cause some confusion and even misunderstandings in the minds of those not already familiar with the techniques of British field archaeology.

To the third chapter the author provides a useful summary of the road systems in the Roman provinces. This treatment is necessarily almost half of the chapter devoted to France and Italy, while the eastern provinces, including Greece, are dismissed in a few paragraphs. Admittedly this is not the extant reflects our lack of knowledge of eastern Europe and the Balkans but there is much of significance in Hungary and Yugoslavia that could have been brought out.

The final chapters dealing with life on the roads and the functions of roads are the most interesting. Vehicles, official communications, roadside establishments, public and private, and a number of other aspects, are carefully considered in the light of contemporary texts. Here M. Chevallier is at his best, skilfully blending his diverse sources of evidence to provide a lively and informative whole. Of particular value is a thirty-page bibliography divided into sections broadly representing the divisions of the book. For this the student and the general reader will be very much in the author's debt.

Only believe

By F. R. Barry

ELIZABETH MACLAREN:
The Nature of Belief
192pp. Sheldon Press. £1.60.

PETER DONOVAN:
Religious Language
112pp. Sheldon Press. £1.60.

In these two books the new Issues in Religious Studies series gets off to a hopeful start. If subsequent titles match up to these it should fulfil its intentions. It aims, we are told, to be one dispassionate as possible—how dispassionate, we may ask, is that?—"assuming a serious interest on the part of the reader, but neither previous study in this area nor commitment to any religious position". Elizabeth Maclaren and Peter Donoven's books inevitably overlap, for religious questions can hardly ever be isolated. Indeed, one of the aims of these two writers is to exhibit their complex interconnection, not least with those "second order" questions which say be what is really being argued about, rather than the ostensible disagreements.

This appears at once in The Nature of Belief. Is belief, as the White Queen told Alice, talking itself to believe impossible things? If so, what is intended by "possible"? Does it mean logically self-contradictory and accordingly unbelievable per se? Or does it simply mean an incredibly difficult thing? A man may say that a job is impossible? Again, is belief something that you can do for half an hour a day and then stop? Is it a mental and spiritual attitude, or is it the content of what is believed? In any case, what is the reasoning for believing?

This is explored in trenchant form. Scientists and others are called in state the case for a naturalistic—that is, in the end, a "nothing but" reductive interpretation of nature and man. It may never be necessary to say "Get Ye" but are we not obliged to rule him out? The world and man's life within it is explanatory or is it not so that they make sense only in relation to God who made them? Surely theistic faith is just that.

Many subtle escape-routes are offered for sophisticated theologians, there is no doubt that what most believers mean in their public or private professions of belief is that they are making affirmations about supernatural realities, which—as many would add—remain true whether or not anyone believes them. Belief *in* presupposes belief *that*. If the propositional element in faith is muted, it can hardly go on claiming to be true. But how can propositions about the Infinite ever be expressed in finite human speech? And in what sense, if any, can they claim to be true?

Dr Donovan tackles this in Religious Language. That term, he starts by laying it down, refers not to a "secret" language like Hebrew, or to specialized theological words and symbols, but to any language, even the most ordinary, when it is used in a religious context. It is bound to be "odd", analogical and oblique for it is not first-hand commitment to any religious position". Elizabeth Maclaren and Peter Donoven's books inevitably overlap, for religious questions can hardly ever be isolated. Indeed, one of the aims of these two writers is to exhibit their complex interconnection, not least with those "second order" questions which say be what is really being argued about, rather than the ostensible disagreements.

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Many subtle escape-routes are offered for sophisticated

Now is the time

This year's Frankfurt Book Fair number will again be published in two parts on 10th and 17th September. At the Book Fair, the two issues will be promoted strongly and distributed together. The total sale of each number will be in the region of 40,000 copies, giving a world-wide readership of about 600,000 people—mainly librarians, publishers, booksellers and academics—spread throughout 98 countries. It will also be seen by publishers engaged in buying and selling book rights at the Frankfurt Book Fair.

Now is the right time to book space in these two special numbers, the copy dates for which are 31st August and 7th September. Current rates are: full page—£545; half-page—£272·50; whole column—£109; single column centimetre—£2·88.

Please contact Christopher Lorne or Nicholas Handley, TLS Advertisement Department, P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ, England. Tel. 01-837 1234, Telex 264971.

TLS

Battle stations

By Jane Miller

GEORGE MACKAY BROWN :
The Sun's Net
268pp. Hogarth Press. £4.75.

The last of George Mackay Brown's new stories is a fable about poets in a world which has returned to village life. The poet will have a job again, offering his neighbours "a palace of unimagined beauty" which will be made of their own words and gestures "clothed in ceremony", for "the simple village system had within itself endless variety". He allows some poets to fall under these conditions, but there is no mistaking his own approval of the arrangement, and this is curious in a way since he is one of the few writers alive who can do what he proposes and speak to an audience largely ignorant of and unmoved by the world he knows and writes about. It is true that a sceptical reader may find it hard to equate adolescent girls with arable fields, but Mr Brown is likely to disarm them, for his Orkney villages are made to contain "endless variety" and it is only that last story which is deadened by didacticism.

These are a poet's stories, in which images of contrast—between past and present, dream and daylight, the preoccupations of the living and the insights death might afford—are made real. The first story is set in the present on a "dying" island, where the individual's isolation is matched by the community's, and the doctor, the schoolmaster and the minister separately and secretly record a sense of failing the people they have chosen to live among. The failure is characteristic of the times and contains. Most of the stories are about the past, and fishermen and pirates, blacksmiths and soldiers and farmers occupy a world neither reduced nor beautified by nostalgia but solidly understand with its names and places and particular people. Ghosts and magic and dreams are believed in, not because of a simple credulousness but because in a thoroughly known world mysteries are the more in need of explanation. The villages are studded with bad eggs and men apart by dissension, yet individuals are able to choose how to live. Sheep stealing merits death, fornication just a sermon, but transgressors of both kinds know the penalties and accept their logic.

In some of the stories the dead hear what the living are saying about them and are able to rewrite their lives. This has an important meaning for Mr Brown, for if "time is a slow honked smoulder to the living" it is "an august merciless ordering of flames" to the dead. Mr Brown's loved Orkneys are dying, and he has set himself to create in them death throes the "slow honked smoulder" of their past. Changes of mood and fortune in particular lives which are felt by whole communities are what he is best at: a young fisherman jauntily carries three silvery haddock up the hill to the rich farmer's daughter he has decided, against advice, to marry after one evening's flirtation. His haddock are devoured like his optimism, for the girl has already left to make a good Edinburgh marriage. The two stories about John Gow, the eighteenth-century mutineer and pirate, are as good as Melville, making wonderfully tangible the distrust and violence which transform a ship during the night in the middle of the ocean, the atmosphere spreading from John Gow himself, an embodiment of treachery with a gift for inspiring quite exceptional trust and love. A young soldier returns from battle, not knowing that he is dead, nor whether or not his side was defeated, for "in the flushed hearts of battle no soldier can know how the dice are falling".

Riding for a fall

By Robert Cushman

SOL STEIN :
The Childkeeper
173pp. Collins. £3.75.

Sol Stein has it in for Roger Maxwell, who starts out prosperous and ends up shattered, rather like Job. There is even an explicit reference to the biblical prototype, something about his first plague being a houseful of children. Roger has four of his own, which is trouble enough: when three of them are allowed to invite friends and contemporaries for the weekend, the cataclysm comes.

Roger may be said, according to the canons of North American gothic, to have earned his fall, in fact to be riding for it:

> Roger Maxwell, recently named vice-president of a major New York bank, has moved into a large house in a fashionable suburb as befits his new station and larger income.

And that's only the blurb. Mr Stein is himself a publisher and his own style can be just as smoothly ominous, though naturally he uses more detail:

> Roger Maxwell was a man whose time had come. He had learned to enjoy his wife. He began to reconcile himself to the fact that his four children were at times lovable and at other times mischievous. He sent a tax-deductible tithe—but not himself—to church. He tolerated his government. When faced with younger men who wears beards, he felt unfashionable. Yet Roger Maxwell was secure. He reserved himself not for transient lovers or friends, but for himself and Regine, a couple, even by Noah's standards, deserving of safe passage.

What more, without having your pleasure in Mr Stein's storytelling destroyed, need you know? Well, the house Roger buys seems to have some kind of curse on it. I can tell you that since it has remarkably little effect on the narrative, though Mr Stein seems to set great store by it as a source of "atmosphere". I was more taken by the relationship between Roger and his sixteen-year-old son Jeb, each ready to believe the worst of the other; and impressed by Mr Stein's refusal to pretend that this situation is in any way a peculiarly contemporary one, whatever its trappings. Jeb's animosity is amusingly contrasted with the attitude of his nine-year-old sister, who worships her father, and shows prowess as a door-to-door cookie-seller. The pace is excellently controlled and the ending full of suspense.

Satan in the suburbs

By Felix Pickering

ALLAN TURPIN :
Behind the Net Curtains
154pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.50.

Behind the Net Curtains contains no descriptions of any sexual act, no physical violence, and its style and vocabulary are as genteel as its characters. For these reasons it is likely to be called "old-fashioned". Yet Allan Turpin's topics are strictly sex and violence, and there is an earthy cruelness behind his gentility. His period is the 1930s, and his characters are suburban: there is a lot of detail about clothes, furniture, manners. Nor are his suburbs merely fictional; Dorothy and her scheming mother are aware of the precise distinction between Hornsey and Muswell Hill, and the precise standing of the borough south of the river where Mr Chapple has his house.

Mr Chepple, an ex-salesman of reproduction furniture in his spry seventies, marries Dorothy, who at thirty-five had given up hope. She does not love him—she marries for security and for money. Their life together is as artificial as the electric candles and papier-mâché oak beams in Mr Chepple's sitting-room. Their private life, dismally suggested by sidelong references to senile fumblings, comes to an end when he has a leg amputated—a symbol for which Mr Turpin has a fondness: a woman character in his novel *Ladies* is designated as sexually off-side by a similar act of surgery. Dorothy falls madly in love with a diving instructor with a Ronald Colman moustache; she drives her new Citroen to assignations in the woods, and her old, besotted husband to suicide.

Mr Turpin trumpets his messages out as if he were speaking to the deaf: "In the suburbs, even the dirtiest dreams take place to the tinkling of tea spoons!" Those polaroids, placed at strategic intervals, give rise to a cosy anticipation of worse to come. For superimposed upon the preoccupations of the Chepples—which spare from love are money, and a desire not to be "common"—is an iron moral message. Everyone is subject to "the law of connection, of retribution". We are all murdering each other, in ways more or less obvious, behind our net curtains. "And one has to pay for every wrong in the same way that one committed it". Mr Chepple is repaid for deceiving his first wife by his "Girlie's" defection; and so on all down the line. Following this law, even the seductive driving instructor would, in the end, get his comuppance. But one suspects he will not. The devil looks after his own.

Yellow peril

By William Feaver

RICHARD CONDON :
The Whisper of the Axe
279pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.95.

We now know that on July 4 last the Great American Guerrilla War did not break out after all. Richard Condon was only kidding. But my, how he kids! The author of *The Manchurian Candidate*, which foretold, though inexactly, the Kennedy killings, and, more recently, of *The Star-Spangled Crunch*, has developed a special doomsday expertise. His technique is not unlike that of the Brothers Grimm. He picks out a startling cast of stepmothers, ambitious heirs, ogres (in his books, the Chinese), and other misfits and puts them through adventures that demand immense reserves of cynical know-how if survival, let alone happiness ever after, is to be attained. The fairytale quality releases Mr Coodon from tedious detailing: a mere wave of the wand parsnades the reader that, yes, China is anxious to take over South Carolina.

Briefly, the plot of *The Whisper of the Axe* concerns the setting up and forestalling (if I am not giving too much away) of an outrageous plot involving avery repraseel minority in the United States: black strugglers, student egitators, hippies, weirdoes, hookere, Indians, the lot. They are worked into a pliable state by debriefing processes ("torture" is the old-fashioned word for it) while select representatives of the most useful criminal elements in the United States are trained by the Chinese to set a bicentennial revolution going. The tactics intended to spread unease from Wall Street to Gotham City include the summary execution of boy scouts and athletes, pet slaughter, credit-card sabotage and small nuclear bombings. The planning behind this, the leaking of information, the gathering of forces from far and wide, the seeking of suspects and recruits, their debriefing, rebriefing and double-debriefing, takes up the greater part of the book.

Mr Condon is a skilful persuader. He lets drop the most startling political conceits and gets away with them because of his studiedly casual air. He implies that every well-versed citizen knows how the world really works behind the top political smokescreens. And so his conspiracy theories carry some weight. They are a monstrous exaggeration of familiar headlines and official communiqués, but like the Grimms, he knows that, having persuaded the reader to accept the first fallacy, the rest will follow logically.

"The mightiest novel Richard Condon has ever written", claim his publishers. His novels are published in twenty languages and Braille, they add. Which helps explain why, for all the plotting and briefing, the twists and airs of ongoing apocalypse, the characters are mere clichers given to addressing each other in Telex.

Sex-propelled

By Marigold Johnson

BRUCE MARSHALL :
Peter the Second
183pp. Constable. £2.95.

At a time when the teaching of even the most basic Christian theology in schools is under fire, it seems surprising that there should be enough anti-clericalist but sufficiently erudite readers around to relish Bruce Marshall's four-volume satirical fantasy about the Catholic hierarchy: it is, after all, several generations since Chesterton's sallies delighted the devout, and Vaticanology has few students in non-Catholic countries. So hats off to Mr Marshall for completing his tetralogy with considerable panache, even if some readers may feel the joke has begun to wear a little thin.

We have reached AD 2005, and the epoque of Christian travesty; a former commissar has become Pope Peter II, Soviet troops conduct public executions of extreme savagery in the Colosseum for crimes such as preaching for more than ten minutes or selling hot dogs at a church bazaar. The world crisis now revolves round a disastrous energy gap, and Stephen, who remembers Plus X and is a sceptical observer of events in Rome, is sent on a mission to Utrecht to try negotiating with the Anti-Popess of the Anti-Church, who controls not only Holland and Scandinavia but has found a secret formula for fuelling her grand prix racing cohorts.

"Oh! Vaticano" is playing to packed houses, and Her (very coarse) Sub-Sanctity, widow of Pope Marx I, has a team of research workers under canvas on the production of the invaluable weapon. Stephen is innocent enough to report back that the prayer-power of four thousand Dutch can generate component X (mixed with consecrated whisky, etc). He is humiliated to learn his mistake: it is, as the Scottish Inquisitor delights in demonstrating, the traditional bicycling skill of the Dutch which enables the "researchers" to free-wheel during consistorial embrace, thus producing "an implosion generative of a vapour which, when condensed and concentrated, acquires propulsive qualities". So sexual-propelled anti-clerical sexites now threaten Rome, and the Inner Curia orgues for ecumenical placatory moves while Stephen takes a brave stand for holiness against the Church.

For those who know their stuff Mr Marshall's jokes are often good value: "Who is to say that among those . . . trapped in the anti-a condom there may not be a St John of the Cross, a Curé of Ars or a Servant of God Peironille?"—the last it was who, in an earlier volume, miraculously wrought a sex-change on the apostate Anti-Popess, formerly Cardinal Patriarch of Tyre and Sidon. Dean Swift would have appreciated Mr Marshall's combination of savagery and prurient parody, but I suspect that nowadays there are too many Mrs. Whitehouses, unused to the genre—and perhaps too squeamish—to approve the underlying pessimism of theological satire.

THE INSTITUTE OF COST AND MANAGEMENT ACCOUNTANTS

Assistant Librarian

required for Library, which provides a loan and information service for staff, members and students of the Institute.

Applicants should have completed professional examinations in Librarianship. Duties include cataloguing and indexing. A background knowledge of accountancy, economics or business studies would be an advantage. Benefits include flexible working hours, three weeks' annual holiday, staff canteen and L.V.s. Salary approximately £2,800 p.a.

Please contact Miss Rushton on (01) 387 2311 at ICMA, 63 Portland Place, London W1N 4AB.

SOUTH DOWNS COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION, HAVANT

Required as soon as possible

PROFESSIONAL LIBRARIAN

This new College, which opened in September, 1974, requires a Chartered Librarian to run the Book and software units of the Resources Centre. Previous experience in handling audio video tapes and programmed learning materials would be an advantage.

Salary Scale AP IV, £3,366 to £3,702 per annum plus £312 pay supplement.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from The Principal, South Downs College of Further Education, College Road, Off Portsmouth Way, Havant, Hampshire. Telephone Waterlooville 57011. Completed application forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CLASSIFIED RATES

As from and including the September 10th issue there will be an increase in the classified advertising rates of The Times Literary Supplement. The new rates will be :—

Display on classified pages—

Single column centimetre	£3.50p
Minimum space : 9cm x sc	£31.50p

Lineage—

All classifications	60p per line
Minimum 3 lines	£1.80p
Box Numbers	50p each

These rates are, of course, subject to the approval of the Prices Commission in accordance with the Government's Prices and Incomes Policy.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

HONGKONG POLYTECHNIC

invites applications for the following post, tenable immediately, of

Assistant Librarian
(Non-print Materials)

Candidates should have qualifications in librarianship and in education together with experience in the organisation of non-print materials. The successful candidate will be responsible to the Librarian for the organisation and dissemination of non-print materials and for the operation of a student self-learning area.

SALARY SCALE :

HK$36,040 to HK$68,940 p.a. by 11 increments a. £4,227 to £7,660 p.a. at current exchange rate of HK$9 equals £1.

Commencing salary will depend on qualifications and experience.

Tax on salaries in Hong Kong does not at present exceed 15 per cent of gross earnings.

Appointment will be on a 2-year gratuity bearing contract terms initially. Suitable appointees may be offered permanent (superannuable) terms of service thereafter. Benefits include passages, long leave, subsidised accommodation, medical and dental benefits, education allowance and terminal gratuity equal to 25 per cent of basic salary received over entire contract period.

Further information and application form obtainable from the Recruitment Unit, TETOC (Technical Education and Training Organisation for Overseas Countries), 36/37 Grosvenor Gardens, London, SW1W 0BS. Completed applications should be returned by 31 August. Ref.: TET/HP/TLS.

tetoc

Leisure Services — Libraries

Senior Librarian

Children's Public Library Service (Education and Youth Section)

AP5 £3,825-£4,095 plus £312 supplement

An enthusiastic and experienced Chartered Librarian (male or female) is required for this post, which carries the responsibility for the co-ordination, development and promotion of the public library service to young people in Nottinghamshire. The post is based at the County Library Headquarters and the successful applicant will be directly responsible to Miss L. E. Green, Assistant County Librarian for Education and Youth Services. Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in making house to accommodate on the Authority's scheme.

For further details please telephone Nottingham 866555 ext. 361.

Applications, including full personal and career details and the names of two referees, should reach the Director of Leisure Services, Trent Bridge House, Fox Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, by 27 August, 1976.

Nottinghamshire County Council
County Hall West Bridgford
Nottingham NG2 7QP

LONDON BOROUGH OF EARNET
LIBRARY SERVICES

School Librarian

AP2/3 (£2,629-£3,282 plus £285 London Weighting and £312 Supplementary allowance)

A librarian is required who has completed qualifying examinations to supervise and develop the libraries in comprehensive schools in the Mill Hill area of North West London. This is a post within the Directorate of Educational Services with common room status and a clearly defined link with the Borough Librarian and Junior and Schools Section of the Libraries Service.

Closing date : 28th August, 1976.

Further details and application forms from :

Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4 4BE (Ref. 007/285).

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian with special responsibility for work with children and young people in our Northwood Hills/Oaklands Gate library team.

The duties of this challenging post include visiting local schools and co-operating with teachers in library instruction as well as organising library clubs and other similar activities within the library itself.

Applicants should have experience of branch library routines and procedures and the ability to respond with enthusiasm and initiative to working with children. The Northwood Hills/Oaklands Gate library is situated within the Green Belt, in the north of the Borough, close to the borders of Hertfordshire and Harrow, and the area offers easy access to Central London as well as to the surrounding countryside.

The salary is within the Librarian's Grade (£2,412-£3,567 including London Weighting, plus £312 supplement) with the starting point dependent upon qualifications and experience. Chartered Librarians will be paid not less than £3,519 inclusive.

Application forms from the Personnel Officer, Ref.: LS/28/26XE, Belmont House, Uxbridge, Middlesex, UB8 1TR. Closing date 27 August.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HILLINGDON

Oxfordshire County Council

OXFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARIES

LIBRARIAN

Librarians' Scale, £2,127-£3,282 per annum, plus supplement

The person appointed will be responsible initially for the efficient administration of the Children's Collections at the Central Library, Westgate, Oxford. He or she will be expected to give specialist advice on all aspects of children's books and authors, and therefore a knowledge of and interest in children's literature will be essential. The minimum salary for a Chartered Librarian will be £2,922 per annum, plus supplement, and for a person who has completed Part 2 of the Library Association Examinations or its equivalent £2,655 per annum, plus supplement.

Removal and resettlement allowances of up to £500 and separation allowances of £8 per week will be paid in appropriate cases.

A description of the post and an application form may be obtained from the County Librarian, Holton Park Library, Wheatley, Oxford, OX9 1QQ. Telephone: Wheatley 2294 (ask for Mrs. Brown). Closing date : 31st August, 1976.

Education

School Librarian

Sherwood Hall Upper School

AP3/4 £2,922-£3,702

plus £312 supplement

A Chartered Librarian (male or female) is required for this new appointment to begin on 1 September, 1976. The existing Technical Grammar Schools for boys and girls will become a mixed 1,000 place Comprehensive School for 13 to 18 years in September, 1976. Both existing libraries will be retained, to become Lower and Upper School Libraries. Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in making house in accordance with the Authority's scheme.

To request further details please telephone Nottingham 863360 ext. 202.

Applications should be sent to the Headmaster, Sherwood Hall Upper School, Sherwood Hall Road, Mansfield, Notts, to arrive no later than Friday, August 27, 1976.

Nottinghamshire County Council

SENIOR ASSISTANT
i/c Mobile Library

£3,801-£4,137 plus £312 supplement

Applicants must be Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience.

Application forms from Personnel Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, E.2, or telephone 985 8077 anytime quoting reference : 9/12. Closing date 30th August.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF NORTH TYNESIDE
LIBRARIES AND ARTS DEPARTMENT

LIBRARIAN

(LIBRARIANS' GRADE £2,127-£3,282)
(PLUS A SALARY SUPPLEMENT OF £312 P.A.)

A vacancy exists for a Librarian to work as a member of a team who are responsible, under an Area Librarian, for the efficiency of an Area group of libraries. In addition to general professional work each team member is expected to accept specific responsibility for a particular field such as the arts, technical and commercial or children's work.

The minimum salary for a Chartered Librarian is £2,922 (plus £312 p.a.).

Application forms may be obtained from the Chief Personnel Officer, 7 Northumberland Square, North Shields.

Closing date : 28th August, 1976.

Assistant Librarians

£2,724 to £3,879 per annum

Assistant Librarians are required by this developing library service. Applicants preferably should have academic library experience and be Chartered or at least partially qualified. Knowledge of one of the following subjects areas would be an advantage : art and design, education, science, fashion/textile.

For more information and application forms please contact the North East London Polytechnic, Personnel Office, 109 The Grove, Stratford E15 1EN. (Tel.: 01-555 0811 ext. 32) quoting reference A205/76.

Closing date : 23 August, 1976.

NELP North East London Polytechnic

Metropolitan Borough of Rotherham

Department of Libraries, Museum and Arts

LIBRARIAN—LM.93

Salary Scale : AP.2/AP.5 (Career Grade) £2,628 to £4,095 plus £312 p.a. supplement
Starting salary according to qualifications and experience.

To take charge of the Travelling Library which undertakes the service to housebound readers and a general service to small hamlets and isolated houses. Applicants must have completed or been exempted from the Library Association's Part 2 (Final) examinations.

Closing date : 28th August, 1976.

Application forms available from the Principal Appointments Officer, Council Offices, Grove Road, Moorgate, Rotherham S60 2ES. Telephone Rotherham 63211 extn. 26.

B. W. Ellis, Director of Personnel Resources.

Librarian

LOCAL STUDIES

required to organise, under the Assistant Borough Librarian (Reference and Local Studies), a Local Studies Resources Centre for use by schools and the general public.

Salary : AP.4 (£3,069-£4,299) including Salary Supplement and London Weighting.

Qualified Librarian with appropriate degree.

Applications, with curriculum vitae and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Borough Librarian, East Ham Library, High Street South E6 4EL, by 31st AUGUST, 1976.

Further details from the above.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM
EAST HAM COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
High St. South, London E6 4RN
Principal: K. Fitzpatrick, B.Sc.(Econ), M.A.

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian to the College Library. Candidates should preferably be qualified Librarians.

Salary — (depending on qualifications and experience) within range £5,469 to £6,504 plus £285 London Weighting.

Application forms and further details may be obtained by writing to the College Administrative Officer, enclosing full stamped addressed envelope. Completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARIAN

Required for the Department of Biological Sciences a suitably qualified Librarian (preferably with a university degree and Library Association (LA or equivalent) or have sufficient qualifications and experience in a scientific or mathematical discipline to be exempted from the LA examinations) to assist the Head of Department in the management of his library.

Salary scale £3,123 to £3,702 (Grade 1 AP4) per annum plus £285 London Weighting allowance.

Applications giving details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees should be addressed to the Head of Department, Biological Sciences, Imperial College, SW7 2BB by 30 August.